

H A R R I E T:

OR, THE

INNOCENT ADULTRESS.

*Ut solis radii in sordibus non inquinantur, itidem
nec animus pudicus inter impudicos.*

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

A NEW EDITION.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR R. BALDWIN, No. 47, AND J. BEW,
No. 28, PATER-NOSTER ROW.

MDCCLXXIX,



THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO
PRESS

A D D R E S S

T O T H E

Twelve wise men not of Goat'em.

I'LL swear I am right—don't you think so, ladies?

In an age when the licentious tongue of scandal is so flippant against the fair and the matrimonial state—a defence of both will be thought presumptuous, or at least unpopular.

Regardless of the name of Quixote—we declare ourselves willing champions of the injured sex—and here throw down

VOL. I.

A

our

our gauntlet—for any knight of sorrowful countenance—who shall venture to take it up.

We will attack the twelve redoubted knights—who have united in a sworn confederacy for the destruction of a virtuous fair—and to forbid in future the matrimonial banns.

These fell confederates in their plea give out, that any married woman who is found alone with any other man except her husband—is an adultress—and by such general net—hope to ensnare each female that may fall within their reach—And strange as it should seem—these enemies to the sex—expect to be stiled good men and true.

As

As we would justify our actions, and prove our cause to be a good one—we mean to publish to the world the grounds of our complaint—against those recreant knights—by laying open all their machinations—wiles and snares to draw the fair into their baleful net—and first we shall expose to view their cruel treatment of the innocent adultress—whose story is the subject of these sheets.

Her's is a common cause—and every British female may read—what in some evil hour may prove her fate.

This is your proof, sirs, of adultery—

The lady was admired by a young Prince—and it appeared his addresses made some impression on the married lady—Her husband grew suspicious—

He had them watched—and they were found frequently together—but under circumstances, which, from the spies themselves, are truly harmless—or at most equivocal—but intercepted letters proved the mutual affection of the lovers —The husband then flew to the assistance of the twelve confederate knights — You heard his case—and all condemned the fair.

But when the charge with all its circumstances—is truly weighed in the impartial scales of justice—it will be found not one, but every British female—was condemned—If she was guilty—none are innocent.

Should it be denied, sirs, even in these days, that thousands may be found among the fair—whose virtue can endure the
strongest

strongest trials and prove victorious—
 For as according to our motto—the
 sun's purer rays are not polluted when
 they fall amidst the mire and filth, the
 virtuous mind untainted will remain
 amidst the loose and vicious.

And tho' no virtuous woman should
 indulge a growing flame for any but her
 husband—should friendship with another
 man be deemed repugnant to a matron's
 honour?—And should it kindle unper-
 ceived into the kindred flame of love—is
 virtue gone for ever?

Passions are not absolutely in our
 power—The fault lies in the criminal
 indulgence—The more violent the pas-
 sion—the more virtue in resisting the
 temptation.

And if a virtuous woman finds a passion rising in her breast—which she at first believed was only friendship—may she not keep her bridal bed unstained?—Her love, I grant, will be conspicuous—the more so, the more virtuous—and cannot long escape her husband's notice—I grant too, he may grow jealous—there will be cause for jealousy—but if he disapproves his wife's connexions with her amiable friend—should he presume her false—or should he call her so—till he has proof resistless of her infidelity?

I know you all say, yes—You have said yes—but are you really, sirs, good men and true—who aid a jealous husband's fears—who thus allow for certain proof what only justifies suspicion?

The

The loving tender husband who finds his wife's attention—though she perceives it not—leaning with too much partiality towards another—will, if he is wise, use every means to guard against a growing passion—Yet must a wife be blind to all the good and amiable in the sex—because she is married?—Should the man who called her the idol of his heart in lover's metaphor before wedlock—expect to find her really so afterwards?—Is she to have eyes and see not—ears and hear not—neither to have any understanding?—Not to mention the matches of worldly prudence—those made by parents—relations—friends—enemies—accidents—and the Lord knows what—It is not the lot of every female to wed the handsomest—wisest—best-conditioned of the sex—and must she after wedlock think wisdom—beauty—every natural and acquired en-

dowment is no where to be found but in her deary?

But where it is the fate of any fair—to join her hand to one, whom she espoused—no matter why—void of all merit—personal or mental—acquired or natural—supposing cold—peevish—and unkind—I grant you, sirs, she still must love him—I know you'll have it so—and whether she loves him or not—it is indifferent to me—because I see he loves not her—But will you shut the injured beauty in her chamber—lest she should see more beauty—more wisdom—more kindness—more sweetness of temper in another—than in her lawful tyrant—or will you pervert her senses—and she must call ignorance wisdom—ugliness beauty—peevishness kindness—and coldness matrimonial love?

Sure, sirs, and I will call you, if you please, good men and true—you do not think this was the meaning of the nuptial vow—Is this the cherishing you promised at the altar—and this the obedience you exact from the sworn partner of your bed?

But may I not suppose this cold—peevish—unkind husband—having forgot his vow to love and cherish—has forgot she is his wife—and forgetting his own bed, should take the first he meets with—the maid, sirs, if you will—must she still love?—Has he still the indefeasible right to her affections?—Has this tyrant still a right to the vacant throne—who thus has abdicated?

I understand you, sirs—Whether she loves this truant tyrant of her heart or
not—

not—she must not transfer her loyalty and love to another.

I contend not for revolutions in the marriage state—but I shall ever think the twenty-ninth of May a better time to settle such disputes as these—than your favourite first of April, sirs.

And when the throne is vacant—has he who abdicates any just cause of complaint when he shall find another there?

Nay, sirs, shake not your branched heads at me—your jealous souls disturb each faculty of your mind—you will misunderstand—be not alarmed—I have not put the rival in your beds—but I would have you know—that when an injured beauty thus neglected, sees youth and vigour—sense and understanding—
gaiety

gaiety and good-nature—in one whom chance or situation throws frequently in her way—she will not shut her eyes—her ears—and lock up all her senses—And if by kindness and attention the lovely amiable young friend should touch a tender string—what then?—I swear it's natural—and you shall screw the passion to the highest pitch—for I perceive your jealous fancy working—and I will wrangle from morn to night—from night to morning—yes, and all night too—and you, I fancy, are at leisure, firs—that virtue still may be triumphant.

And this is the only virtue which my heart reveres—I hate your sneaking snivelling virtue kept by bars and bolts, or by the padlock of insensibility—which you so highly prize.

Well,

Well, prudent sirs, there may be danger—Virtue herself, with wisdom for her guide—would rather shun—than court such perilous trials—But wherefore do you tremble?—Believe me, sirs, she will come off victorious—You think, perhaps, when she beholds the warm—tender—pressing lover at her feet—and thinks of Betty by her husband's side—love and resentment, with united force—will prove too much for chastity and honour—I grant they sometimes will—but yet not always—and though you are twelve to one—I'll say not often—if true virtue or her sister reputation dwells within the female breast.

But should the fair one fall—why all this outcry—why that indignant eye—that palsied head, and those uplifted hands?

Good

Good heavens bless us ! the kind obedient wife, doating, as you would have her, sirs, on her cold—peevish—false—unfeeling husband—and holding, as you think she ought, his wisdom—judgement—prudence in due reverence—follows his example—and when he thus betakes himself to Betty's bed—and thus points out to her what she should do—she in obedience takes the butler John to hers.

And are you still dissatisfied?—Does she mistake her husband?—Does he not mean that she should follow his example? Does he, who vowed he would for ever love and cherish—mean that she should spend the long—cold—winter nights—alone—forlorn—with no companion but her pillow?—Is she to languish—wish—and sigh—and all in vain?—Are these the terms of her obedience?—For shame,
you

you twelve ungenerous tyrants—may you never taste the pleasures of a virtuous love—and may you never know the heart-felt joy—of seeing the little prattlers round your table—the happy miniatures of the father's portrait—if you don't change this unjust slavish doctrine—and quickly too.

Tell me not, sirs, the husband suffers most—by such a loose exchange—Her family neglected—and a spurious issue may be the consequence of the wife's incontinence—but with due reverence to your wisdoms—if Sir Choleric should put out his neighbour's eye—should he complain that in the conflict he lost both his own?—My heart is ever wounded when I see the sufferings of ungovernable passions—but when a base ungenerous self appears in them too intimately mixed—

O how

O how I wish to steel my heart against
such worthless objects!

But I've a greater quarrel than all this
—Your doctrine aids the fickle—false—
perfidious husband—to prove adultery
on the open frank honest freedom—with
which conscious virtue ever is adorned—
Thinking no ill herself, she suspects it
not in others—Fortified with impregna-
ble chastity, she is a stranger to reserve—
and tho' she has too much sense to let a
vain forward giddy youth mistake her
easy frankness—she never pays so poor
a compliment to her sense of honour—
as think it not secure in company with
a man—unless conversing through the
nunnery grate, or iron lattice of a jea-
lous don.

Where

Where have you lived, sirs?—Know that there is an awful reverence and respect attending upon virtue—which the most bold presuming libertine dares not invade or violate—She carries on her arm the Gorgon shield—which strikes each rash beholder dumb—There is a radiant glory shining round her head—which proves to all the true divinity within.

And must she not be seen conversing with a male companion at the play—the opera—Cornelys' or Almack's?—May she not walk in Kensington-gardens—or the Park—but you will swear she loves—and meditates dishonour to her husband?—May she not visit any single man, even in company with another female—or meet perchance in any room alone—but you will join the prude and formal hypocrite in loudest scandal?

Then

at times of which no evidence was brought—and in presuming turn them to the side of guilt—I shall presume too in my turn, on facts and situations—more favourable to innocence—and doubt not I shall prove your Guilty Fair—the Innocent Adulteress.

The Editor's Advertisement.

THE Author of the following pages was actuated by no other motive—than a wish to shew the danger of a late verdict to unguarded innocence—He is no lawyer—but from the dictates of plain common sense—receives with irresistible conviction—the force of that great judge's opinion, who says, in such a charge as this—*there must be clear—distinct—and satisfactory evidence of the precise act of*

criminal conversation—If indecencies—conjectures—probabilities—are sufficient in these our times to prove adultery—no matron may escape conviction.

The author is ready to acknowledge apparent indecencies—plausible conjectures—and forcible probabilities—from the evidence in the case alluded to—but in no part was there to be found the proof of the precise act—on which to ground the irresistible conviction—a cause of so much consequence to all the sex demands.

He has selected the material facts—on which alone the cause was rested—but he has put the lovers in a situation—whether true or false, it matters not—that shews however strong—forcible, and convincing they may prove to the husband—they are to a jury merely equivocal—and
if

Then you must change your fashion, ladies—These twelve good men and true—deny all converse with the opposite sex—You, Lady Betty, may no longer entertain your harmless Fribble at your toilette—nay, should your hair-dresser appear—he must not come into the room till you have rung the bell—that your own man may be the witness of your chastity—What will you do, when you by chance are left alone with any male companion not fourscore?—And what—should peradventure mischief-loving fortune after the play—the opera—Vauxhall—or Ranelagh—place you by another's side in his or your chariot—what must you do?—pray, sirs, what must she do?—Must she desire her beau to leap in his full dress upon the box—or would you have the lady take the seat there by the

coachman — as less obnoxious — being thus in public—to the voice of scandal ?

And do you really ask me what evidence I demand to prove her an adultress ?

I'll tell you, sirs, *there must be evidence clear—distinct—and satisfactory of the precise act of criminal conversation—No indecencies—no conjectures or probabilities—are sufficient to make out the ground of such a charge---It should be almost equal to the very fact of catching the parties in the act.*

Thus says the wisest lawyer of these times.

I grant ye, sirs, in the case we're upon, we differ—You had strong proof of acquaintance—a familiarity—and a strong intimacy—Kensington-gardens—Carlisle-house—

house—the Play—the Park—prove an attention to the lady—The meeting at the Countess Donhoff's—at Whitchurch Four Crosses—Cheshire—and St. Alban's—The letters too which passed between the parties—proved that they were lovers—But let me ask your honour, was there one specific fact proving the precise act—which the nature of this charge requires? The witnesses who meant to prove the charge—proved more than they intended—They proved the acquaintance—the familiarity—the strong intimacy—nay, the mutual love—but they most clearly shew too that criminal act had never happened, which they so much desired to prove.

Had they proved less, they had proved more to their own purpose—Had the two lovers remained alone at the Countess of Donhoff's—and the witness never gone

into the room—you, when you heard the story, might plausibly presume that something had passed—injurious to her husband's honour—but when the door remained unlocked—and the servant entered the room at two or three different times—without knocking or giving any previous notice—nothing could well have passed which the two lovers wished might not be known.

And at St. Alban's—had it been proved the gentleman and lady had been together some hours—in her bed-chamber—it would not have been scandal to suppose the worst had happened—but when the watchful spy who proved their being together in the chamber for so many hours—was peeping through a hole in the wainscot—convenient for the purpose of seeing all that passed—watched every motion

motion—and saw not any thing but what might pass between a sister and her brother—suspicion's self is forced in candour to acquit the lovers.

You know how closely they were watched for many months—You heard the letters which passed between the lovers, proving a strong and violent passion—and tho' there was the strongest ground for jealousy in the husband—you must have been jealous too---thus to convict merely upon suspicion---We may allow the husband to judge as loosely of his wife---as jealousy would dictate---but you saw---that all the vigilance of industrious and willing spies---upon the most open and incautious lovers---could not in numberless instances discover the precise act---that alone could justify this charge---and sure I am, if any such had happened
in

in all the various facts---which were laid in proof before you---you must have heard the evidence of what alone should fix upon your mind---the resistless conviction of the lover's guilt.

There was no room for such resistless conviction---but you, like jealous husbands---presuming too that female virtue is a bubble---that every woman, be she chaste as ice---as pure as snow---will thaw and melt with every lover's flame---conceive tho' nothing passed where witnesses could detect---yet every thing passed when they were absent---that justified the charge before you.

O happy men!---indeed, good men and true---and have you always found the fair such thawing melting creatures?---And you presume then, after nineteen trials---
all

all made in vain---had the industrious husband---and his faithful spies not missed the twentieth---they might have found the very thing they sought---O wise logicians! they were not guilty in the instances laid before you---they were therefore guilty when the witnesses knew not they were together---A plain and simple man cannot understand this logic---but he concludes if those who watched the lovers---proved no fact in all the meetings whereon to ground this charge---the lovers meant not any mischief---and if they meant not any mischief at these times --- all other meetings might be full as harmless.

And don't you know, sirs-- that when men presume --- where justice, honour, humanity and candour are their guide--- the bias always leans to innocence?--- Law divine and human exact it of you---

The

The fashion of the times demand it of you---The free and easy intercourse subsisting now between the sexes---require the strictest proof---and most resistless absolute conviction in a charge like this---or every woman which you meet---however modest, chaste and virtuous---may, by presuming wights like you---be found a base perfidious adultress---In one you thus condemn the whole.

I am glad you hesitate—I hope, before we part you will be convinced—And now let me presume——

I've put the lady whom I proposed to bring before you into the very situation in which you saw her with the witnesses eyes—I've stated every fact disclosed to you—to guide your judgement in the charge—as you presumed on things which passed
at

if received by them as proofs of guilt—
they may convict the innocent.

We say, whether the situation is true or false it matters not—because the necessary precise act not being proved—and the jury presuming on facts not before them on the side of guilt—the author has a right to presume on facts not laid before them in favour of innocence.

In doing this, he has found it necessary to frame his characters—in a way the best to serve his present purpose—without regard to truth—as will be seen in almost every portrait he has penciled—His view was general, not personal—and as he aimed not—to flatter any party whom he has put in favourable lights—he never meant the least reflexion where the characters for the purpose of his design

sign are placed in a view—which makes them odious—And as the reader will discover most of the characters—appearing in the following scenes are fancied persons—the author hopes the whole will be, as in truth it is, received as fiction—excepting as to what appeared in evidence upon the trial.

HARRIET:

HARRIET:

OR, THE Innocent Adultress.

SECT. I.

IN Warwickshire—no matter where—
lived a gentleman named Courtly—
by birth and personal merit almost
equal to any—but in his circumstances
rather too confined.—He was, however,
the envy of his neighbours in possessing
three daughters, the most beautiful and the
best accomplished in the whole country.

Tho' we say his fortune was not very
large, it was more owing to the luxury

VOL. I.

B

of

of the times than the scantiness of his patrimony, that Mr. Courtly was not accounted rich.---It was a custom then in England (which tho' free in every other respect, has ever been an absolute slave to custom) that all men should live alike.—Whatever plan of living the opulent laid down for themselves became equally the plan of those of the most moderate circumstances.—Vanity leads the way to all ranks.—Mr. Courtly must be included in the general.—He lived with splendour—he could not lay up provisions for his children out of savings of his estate—a consideration which produced many a sigh from the feeling heart of Mr. Courtly.

The great beauty of his children, their amiable dispositions and acknowledged accomplishments, administered however more comfort to him than his neighbours had to console them in the like situation—He saw that beauty alone gave the fair a greater choice in the affair of matrimony.

5

than

than a large portion—and as he had nothing to fear but the chance of his daughters remaining single, which did not appear likely, he submitted with less reluctance to the tyrant custom—giving into every mode of luxury and excess, without regard to any other apology, than that every body does the same.

Of the three beautiful daughters of Mr. Courtly, Harriet greatly surpassed the rest.—She was the wonder and admiration of the men, without, as is common in such cases, raising the envy of the other sex.—Her gentleness and sweetness of disposition drew out the sting of this female vice, seeming on all occasions so unconscious of her charms, and their irresistible power over the affections of the men, that even her own sex took a pleasure in acknowledging her superior beauty.

Where all are admirers, many must become suitors—But Harriet's heart, tho' not insensible to the tender passion, was

not easy to be won.—The amorous god had many difficulties to encounter.—Vanity, to whom Mr. Courtly and all his neighbours, as we find, were humble votaries, who governed both sexes with an absolute sway, must be presumed to have dominion over the heart of Harriet.

General example raised, and time confirmed the empire of vanity in this female breast—but even vanity was beautiful in the amiable Harriet—tho' Cupid could never tempt her with an offer of love in a cottage—she did not propose to look for it in a palace—she wished to seek it only among those of her own condition—Her education, and the instructions of her father, taught her to consider in this choice, that she was Mr. Courtly's daughter.

The mischievous god, who regards not wealth or condition in his matches, seemed determined to revenge, in the person of Harriet, the encroachments
made

made by vanity upon his empire.—If she will not stoop to a cottage—if she cannot look so low, she shall look too high, cries the god—and slap goes his arrow into the liver of Lord Fillemore.

S E C T. II.

LORD Fillemore was young and rich, as well as one of the first nobility.—He had conceived an unfurmountable passion for Harriet—He must have her, or be forever miserable.—He had never yet submitted to any restraint, for he had never yet known any thing out of his power.—His fortune and condition had hitherto exceeded his most extravagant wishes—but will they command the affections of the lovely Harriet?—No, says he—So divine a creature, surrounded as she must be with a legion of admirers, must have fixed her heart long before this—How can I expect to succeed in any attack, if the town is ready to capitulate to my

enemy?—My title, birth and fortune, which never yet have failed me, will not assist me in this enterprize.—Harriet can command all—she must have them already in her power—at least equal, if not superior.—Yes, yes, I already see her in the arms of another, and am doomed to eternal misery and despair.

While Lord Fillemore was thus raving, the door opened—Sir Charles Macaroni (says the servant, announcing him)——

In the name of taste and elegance, cries Sir Charles, what means all this disorder?—why, my dear Lord Fillemore, you look as wild, distressed, and angry as my marmouset, when I take his toast and butter from him at breakfast, and he fancies he has lost it for ever—Every thing about you is in confusion—Every thing in the room is out of place—Here's a perfect chaos.

O' Macaroni, replies Lord Fillemore, I am lost—I am undone——

What,

What, have you had ill luck at Arthur's, my Lord?—it is fortune *le guerre*—you will have better luck another time—if not, you must repair your estate in France or Italy, which we find is never known to fail—Strange as it may seem that the French who are so poor, or the Italians who are still poorer, should be considered as the only people to repair the shattered fortunes of our nobility.

You entirely mistake the cause of my present misfortune, replied Lord Fillemore—I am in love—desperately in love with the finest woman in the world—and I have lost her for ever——

Why then, replies Sir Charles, look out for another finest woman in the world.—In this town finest women in the world are as plentiful as priests at Rome; and, to say the truth, my Lord, your finest woman in the world is the most fading flower in the garden.—You have introduced me one day to the finest woman in the world, no taller than the Venus de

Medicis—and in three days afterwards your finest woman in the world is as coarse, tall and masculine as a Patagonian.—I will answer for it, the finest woman in the world that you now say you have lost, will be found within twenty-four hours in some shape or other—If she is now tall and majestic, I shall see her then the sweetest little creature alive—or if she is now the most regular beauty that ever sat to a painter, I shall find her the prettiest black-eyed laughter-loving brunet that ever made a man happy.—Come, come, my Lord, torment not yourself at the wounds given from an eyebrow or the tip of an ear—To you the smallest dimple becomes a whirlpool or a gulf, into which if you are love-struck, you would leap like Curtius, or any other mad-man.

Peace, good Macaroni, says Lord Fillemore—you cannot guess the cause—Then know, my friend, it is a new passion—a new desire—what I have
2 never

never felt before --- that is the cause of this my present distraction.—I am in love, Macaroni—seriously, soberly in love.---

Soberly, cries Sir Charles—If you are thus with the sober cups of Cupid, what, in the name of Liqueur, would you be, was he to give you a cordial no stronger than what is circulated by the ladies in France after dinner?

Know, continued Lord Fillemore, I am in love, not for a day, but for my whole life—I burn with a flame that will not expire but with my last breath.

Bless thy five wits, says Sir Charles—thou art stark staring mad—you are absolutely possessed—you are a downright demoniac——

Possessed I am, indeed, replies Lord Fillemore—not with a demon, but an angel---the dear, lovely, divine Harriet—she has got possession of my heart, and nothing can separate us but death.

O my

O my dear enamōrato, continues Sir Charles, you are an humble votary too of this Harriet—she is a perfect queen of hearts—she has acquired what the French kings are for ever fighting for—the universal empire.—But are you seriously in love with Harriet?—Are you, who have hitherto been the commanding lover, become the humble suitor?

Humble! replies Lord Fillemore with a sigh—O would success but follow, and I would go barefoot on a pilgrimage to Rome——

Aye, get thee to a nunnery, and there you will be sure to quench your flame.

O Macaroni, did you but know how hard it is to love—and love in vain—you would pity and not insult me.

When you will be truly ridiculous, Lord Fillemore, you must not complain you are laughed at.—When a man of fashion encourages a passion which is only fit for the heart of a green girl, or a swain of sixteen, he becomes a fit
object

object of mirth.—Me now—did you ever see me in love?—Was any member of our club but yourself ever in love?—An alderman may be in love with turtle, or languish for the charms of a John Doree—but a man of true taste and fine sentiment would as soon stuff like an alderman as bestow a single thought on the most delicate repast when it is over.—Indeed, my dear Lord Fillemore, you have often heard me say you are too gross in your passion for women—You think not enough of yourself—women are only worth the trouble of hunting down by way of amusement—A true sportsman cares not a farthing for the game when he has got it—You reverse the order of things, my Lord—To a man of nice and delicate feelings, and who knows his own merit, there is more pleasure in being admired by one woman than in the possession of fifty—You should join and assert the dignity of our sex—By our negligence and inattention it has been

been usurped by the fair—Softness, tenderness, and all the delicate sensations, by which alone we rational beings are exalted above the brutes, have been taken from us, and will never be regained, if we desert the cause—For my part, I have hitherto been successful—The women acknowledge the superiority of these perfections in me—and tho' they admire them not in their own sex, they doat upon me for them.—Rouse, my dear Lord Fillemore—rescue your affections from the tyrant Harriet, and place them upon a worthier object---yourself---

O torment me not, good Macaroni, with the nonsensical doctrines of our club—you know I never could subscribe to them—these Narcissus notions never could go down with me—For God's sake spare my ears the repetition of them at this time—I am already stretched upon the rack of despair—Pour the balm of hope into my wounds—and do not add to my torment by attempting to tear my
mangled

mangled limbs from the rack to which they are bound—Teach me how to gain my Harriet, or leave me to languish and die—Shew me how to drive my rival from her heart——

Rival! interrupted Sir Charles—what rival? who?——

I know not, replied Lord Fillemore; but many there must be—and one, I fear, too powerful to shake.

Why then, my dear precipitate Lord Fillemore, you have been all this while in a dream—you have been anticipating a rival, and fighting with a shadow of your own creating—Courage man; the town is all our own—tho' Harriet is beset on all sides, her heart may still be entire—When the town is assaulted equally on every side, it is in less danger of a breach than when the powers are united and make one joint attack.

Love, like mine, Macaroni, can never endure with patience the delays of a siege—tho' should my Harriet hold
out

out like another Troy, I should think ten years labour too little for her sake; but my heart and body, nay, my soul, would consume and perish in my present flame in as many months.

By all that's rational, replies Sir Charles, long before that time you might as well marry your grandmother—When I was but a boy, I thought Menelaus a fool for not going home to his own kingdom before the war was half over; and that Paris was a tasteless Jerry to keep Helen till she became an errant beldame, and fit for nobody's use but her husband's—If you think to have Harriet in your arms before the next moon shews you the horns, open a treaty with the governor—To a man of your condition and estate, the most ready road to the young lady's chamber lies directly thro' the study of the father—Attack the ears of Courtly—you'll find that a readier way to Harriet's heart than thro' her own.

Thanks,

Thanks, dear Macaroni—you revive my soul—I am alive again—I'll not lose a moment—Here, friseur—dress—shave—chariot—and to Courtly's house in an instant.

S E C T. III.

IN this proxy courtship with Mr. Courtly, Lord Fillemore is unbounded in his offers, and lays his whole fortune at the feet of Harriet.—Mr Courtly, tho' flattered by the alliance, is unwilling to answer for his daughter; and tho' he finds the noble Lord absolutely in his power, he scorns to make use of this advantage to the reproach of his own honour.

He desired Lord Fillemore would himself make known his passion to Harriet—He did not, he said, doubt his success; but he should be more happy to have this business concluded by the two parties most concerned in it.

Lord

Lord Fillemore was not long in making known his passion to Harriet — The warmth with which he urged his suit, and the account she received of him from her father, left no scruple in her mind as to the sincerity of his affection — She was not quite so satisfied of her own — She had often seen Lord Fillemore before, and had never perceived any symptoms of love in her mind, or that his appearance had raised any partiality in her favour for him — She had never weighed the matter with proper attention — She began to make a fair estimate of his Lordship's merits — She was surprised she could be blind so long — where were her eyes? — Title, equipage, grandeur and precedence were not forgot in the account — Mr. Courtly was not wanting, and took care that the title, equipage, grandeur and precedence should not escape the notice of his Harriet — She at length began — for she had never yet been really in love — to be persuaded she
burnt

burnt with an equal ardour for Lord Fillemore.

S E C T. IV.

FULL of glee, and elevated with his success, Lord Fillemore goes to his friend Sir Charles---Give me joy, Macaroni, says he---I am happy---Harriet is mine---

What, married? says Sir Charles---

No---confusion seize the lawyers, replies Lord Fillemore---there is no end of their delay---One should think when a man is willing to give all, a lawyer need not be long in settling the form of receiving it.

What, all? says Sir Charles---She will make a glorious widow, when you have broke your neck at a five-barr'd gate,---And have you seriously settled all?---

All! replies Lord Fillemore-- all is too mean a sacrifice to my lovely Harriet---the idol of my soul.

So things are, says Sir Charles---there is no prudent marriage without a settlement---Cupid, the lawyer, and the divine introduce the bride to the temple of Hymen---not always in the same order---Things are said to go right when Cupid joins the heart---the lawyer the estates---the divine their hands---but sometimes the divine is applied to before the lawyer, and he follows the little blind god---but discretion, says the lawyer, comes too late, after Cupid hath put on the chains, and the divine hath rivetted them---Yet surely this is not so bad as when the lawyer comes first, and Cupid closes the rear of the procession---Still how many settle first, marry next, and love at last---if they can.

It is a strange caution not to trust the fortune where the bride will trust her person and happiness for life---or strange confidence, freely and liberally to bestow the heart and hand where she fears to risque a little paultry gold---Little and paultry indeed will it appear in the scales
of

of genuine wisdom---and even Courtly parts with his darling daughter for the life of the young Lord Fillemore, without a thought that this may be a life of misery.

When a man, my Lord, says Sir Charles, looking stedfastly at him, proposes to take a woman for better for worse, she is to be guarded against the worse on her part, but is always open to the better.

Your children, too, will not trust you--- you must tie up your estate---and if misfortunes shall diminish the scanty remnant, you must starve till your son counts twenty-one years---and then thank him for keeping you out of a gaol---by consenting that you should have part of your own estate to satisfy your just creditors.---The affections between father and son descend, and do not ascend--say philosophers--Your son is not to trust you with your own estate, lest your affection should not keep you from spending it, and he should be left unprovided for---but you are to rely on

the gratitude and generosity of your thoughtless, vicious, if not profligate young spendthrift of twenty-one, for the comforts of life in your old age.

And as to this darling heir that is to keep the bulk of your fortune from you while you are alive, and to inherit your title when you are dead—even he in his turn is to starve, if his good mother shall chuse to be as long-lived as a dowager.---Your liberal settlement will leave him nothing but his empty title to support the honour and dignity of his ancestors.

'Sdeath ! that a man can't go to bed to the woman he loves without a tax that makes a curse of a blessing.---The father is made to curse the fruit of his embraces, as the ruin of his fortune---the child, to curse the long life of his father, who keeps from him an estate—which the lawyers tell him he has a claim to by purchase and not by inheritance---He looks with anxious wishes for the death of a jointress,

jointress, forgetting the pangs she endured to give him existence.---You know, my Lord, I would leave the parson out of the train of love---I think the lawyers by no means to be admitted---I would not go between the sheets with your lovely Harriet, if I was to be introduced by two such figures of ill-luck---these bride-maids in a gown and a band.---And is there not to be a liberal pin-money?

Certainly, replies Lord Fillemore, peevishly, as he walked about the room, while Sir Charles was thus exclaiming---

And a separate maintenance too, I warrant you, continues Sir Charles---

Not so, says my Lord--but had he asked it for his daughter, I would have consented---because a separation is impossible---I can never cease to love her---and my unwearied endeavours to please, will, I am confident, secure her affections for me.

I wonder, methinks, says Sir Charles, with a smile, a man of the world, like Courtly, should not think a stipulation for separate maintenance as necessary a caution as pin-money——

O! don't torment me, dear Macaroni, replies Lord Fillemore, hastily---Courtly has nothing to do with it---he is as generous as his daughter is beautiful---'Tis the lawyers all---They kill me with delay---I don't know which is worse, their lawyers or mine---The first don't care how much, the latter how little of my estate is settled---though I would give them all, rather than be kept one day from the arms of my lovely Harriet---This tedious delay is killing, Macaroni.

Indeed, returns Sir Charles, the grace is so long before you sit down to the feast, that, egad! I should fear it would grow cold if your appetite is even too keen to leave you---I should wish to fall to in the midst of the grace---and then it would do, you know, for the purpose of fore-and-aft——

For

For shame ! Macaroni, you can never be ferious --- You would laugh at the misery of your friend, if you saw him expiring under the severest tortures !

Indeed, my Lord, if I saw him tickling himself to death, I could not command my muscles at so ridiculous a sight.

S E C T. V.

THE lawyers having at length prepared the way for the priest, Lord Fillemore and Harriet were in a few days married, with all the pomp, splendour and magnificence due to his birth and fortune.

No couple ever lived with greater matrimonial felicity than Lord and Lady Fillemore.---His constant attention was employed upon her---he never smiled but when she was pleased---nothing was agreeable to him but what his Harriet praised---and any thing which she dis-

liked became his aversion---he seemed to live but for her---and without her, life would be to him intolerable---O ! happy state of matrimony ! --- and this lasted too---for a month---an age for a man of fashion to love.

So violent a passion as this was not like to last for ever---and Lord Fillemore was too much a man of the world, and had too great a soul to suffer one object to possess it.---Lady Fillemore must be content to share with the turf, the chace, and Charlotte's coterie.

S E C T. VI.

LADY Fillemore perceived this alteration in her lord's behaviour, and bore it with christian patience---consoling herself with the imagination that her affection for Lord Fillemore was in no degree abated---She ascribed this philosophical resignation to the steadiness of her own passion, which made every thing
Lord.

Lord Fillemore did appear right to her, because it was Lord Fillemore did it.

She was not without other consolations---she was still the admiration of both sexes---she was the first at court, at routs, and all polite assemblies---she led the fashions, and gave the *bon ton* to all amusements---she was happy when Lord Fillemore gave her the pleasure of his company---but when he was absent upon the important business of the turf or the chace, she could while away the tedious hours---or tedious weeks---and sometimes tedious months---by the assistance of plays, operas, masquerades, and the multiplied scenes of entertainment in the great metropolis.

Tho' Lady Fillemore could not perceive that she had no longer any great share in her lord's affections, it was no secret to the whole town---Her charms, which made every man who saw her a willing victim, had no power over the cold, the now icy Lord Fillemore.---There were
not

not however those wanting in either sex, who would open her eyes, and suffer her no longer to remain under a delusion, however agreeable, or less tormenting at least, than such unprofitable knowledge.--

Among those valuable friends, the Countess of D. was by much the most industrious.

SECT. VII.

THE Countess of D. was a lively, artful, agreeable young widow of twenty-five---She prided herself upon her knowledge of the world, and yet wished in some things to have every woman as knowing as herself---She was greedy of admirers, yet never more happy than in promoting success to the wishes of any amorous swain, tho' she herself was not the object of them---She was of all women the most acceptable to Lady Fillemore---tho' she was almost the last that Lady Fillemore ought to have known, especially as she had a serious quarrel with Lord Fillemore

Fillemore---tho' about a trifle.---Her vivacity, gaiety and good-nature, recommended her before others of her sex to Lady Fillemore---whose own characteristic was vivacity, gaiety and good-nature, joined to a perfectly innocent and unsuspecting mind.

The failings of her companion were not however unknown to Lady Fillemore---and had she lived in any other age, she would have doubted the propriety of such a connexion---but in her days the nice distinctions of this kind were utterly exploded.---The effects of evil communication on good manners were no longer in the mouths of moralists or divines---but were turned over to the copy-books of pot-hook-making school-boys.-- Lady Fillemore had from her childhood found herself in company that were too polite to exclude persons for differing in sentiment---and she had never considered the matter any further, than, as she was not obliged to adopt the fail-
ings

ings of her female friend, she was under no obligation to drop the connections---She found no inclination to follow her example---she did not therefore suspect the intimacy might work any change in her disposition---and as Lady Fillemore was, like the rest of the *beau monde* with whom she mixed, an implicit follower of the world, as it was called, she cultivated the friendship of a woman that seemed equally carested by the most virtuous of her sex.

SECT. VIII.

GOOD Heavens! cries the Countess of D. coming in one morning while Lady Fillemore was at breakfast, what! still a widow, and all alone too?

If I was a widow, I ought to be all alone, my dear Countess, says Lady Fillemore---but I am not all alone you see, looking down with a madona smile upon the infant in her lap.

Well,

Well, but where is Lord Fillemore? continues the Countess---Is he still among the lords, grooms, and black-legs of New-Market --- improving his understanding among the members of that polite coterie, the dog-kennel?

I heard from him yesterday, replies Lady Fillemore; he has left New-Market, and is going upon a visit or jolly party, as he calls it, to Lord M. where he must be at four o'clock to-morrow precisely, and would not but be punctual for the universe---and he concludes with a promise of seeing me in two or three days.

Lord! Lord! says the Countess, how these husbands write to their wives!--- Is it not enough that he shews he can be critically punctual to a jovial appointment---and can't answer for two or three days when he is to fix with his wife, but he must tell you so to your face---and put it down in deliberate black and white?--- I wonder at your patience, Lady Fillemore.

My patience, do you say! my dear Countess---I am so desirous of pleasing Lord Fillemore, that I hold myself obliged to any one that would shew him or me how to make him more happy than he is---and if he can find out the road himself, am I to acknowledge less obligation to him than to a stranger?---I am perfectly happy myself---I am mistress of every enjoyment I figured to my own imagination before I married---and as I look upon Lord Fillemore as the fountain of these blessings, should not I love the author of my happiness?

Well but, my sweet advocate for insensible husbands! replies the Countess, should not Lord Fillemore love you?

And so he does, replies Lady Fillemore.

But in what degree? continues the Countess---not in the first, second, third, fourth or fifth degree---For first he loves Gog Magog, Prince of New-Market---Secondly, Forrester, his companion in
the

the chace---Thirdly, Tom Marshal, his rider---Fourthly, his bottle---Fifthly, his friend Macaroni---Sixthly, Quinze---Seventhly, his groom---Eighthly, his favourite pointer---Ninthly, that little angel in your lap---Tenthly, the young Duchess what's-her-name---

Who! interrupted Lady Fillemore, with an air of surprize.

She, replied the Countess, the puppy of old Duchess---O! I have it, Beau Germain---and then Eleventhly, you, I believe, my dear Harriet, may come in for the gleanings of his affections.

O fie! you wicked creature, cries Lady Fillemore, how you let loose your rattling imagination against my lord and master---I confess to you, his regard and attention for many of which you mention, has not escaped my notice---but my love for him is too fixed to leave room for a single reflexion that would give me an unworthy opinion of him---When he is absent, I suppose him happy---and I re-
I solve

solve to try every means in my power, which you know are very many, to make myself so till he returns.--You are sensible, my dear, a lady of fashion need not mope in this metropolis---especially while the gay and lovely Countess of D. is there---and what right have I to expect more of my husband's company than falls to the share of any lady within the circle of St. James's---except one?---I should be miserable if he withdrew his love from me---but I do not look for an apron-string husband---I never dreamt of the eternal billing and cooing---the love and dove of two imaginary turtles---I am persuaded, and I am determined to remain so, that Lord Fillemore loves me with equal truth, if not with the same rapture as he professed when he was only a lover---Let us therefore drop the discourse---And tell me what you think of my masquerade-dress---is it well fancied?---do you think I shall make a good Diana?

It

It is your own fault if you don't---
replies the Countess.

How so? returns Lady Fillemore?

You have nothing to do, says the Countess, but make a fine branching stag of your husband---and let his own dogs tear him to pieces, like another Actæon.

For shame! my dear Countess, you make me angry---I protest I'll leave the room if you name, or even hint at Lord Fillemore any more---Oh, the coach I see is at the door---you shall go, my dear, with me and my little angel here, to take an airing in the park.

SECT. IX.

IN a few days Lady Fillemore called upon the Countess of D. in the evening---and finding her at home---Well, said she, of all wild creatures, you are the most difficult to be found, my dear Countess---there have I been hunting

you up and down the rooms at Carlisle for this hour, and might as well look for the twenty thousand pound prize in the first lottery-office.

Or your husband in your own bed-chamber, interrupts the Countess.

Hold your rattling tongue, continues Lady Fillemore---and as I did not succeed in my search there, I resolved to seek you at home.

Home, cries the Countess, would have been the last place where you would have sought your dear loving Lord Fillemore.

Go, go, indeed you are very naughty, my dear Countess---Come, let us go to Carlisle---Lord L. and the Duchess of M. expect us, according to promise---I whipped into a chair to come here, but we will return in your coach---Come, my dear, let us go---but I did not see your coach at the door.

No, answers the Countess, for the Prince intends me the honour of a visit
this

this evening---He has expressed a desire to see the pattern of the tambour waist-coat I was so whimsical as to promise to work for his Highness.

Good evening then to you, my dear Countess, says Lady Fillemore---I will hasten to the company that expects us; and shall I make your excuses?

Indeed, indeed, says the Countess, you shall not stir---I am convinced the Prince will have more pleasure in seeing you than fifty patterns of tambour---and you ought, if your mind's eye was not as dull as your natural is bright and piercing, to have more joy in the Prince's company than in any man alive.

What, than my husband's? says Lady Fillemore?

Why, you have so little of your husband's company, replies the Countess, that you are hardly a fit judge of its value.

D 2

Thanks

Thanks for your raillery, continues Lady Fillemore---but why should I thus prize the Prince's company ?

Because you must see, says the Countess, that of all women alive, he seems the most solicitous to please you.---You cannot see, my sweet Lady Fillemore, that every look, gesture, word and even thought when you are by, is directed to you.---I know very little about his religion, but I believe if he has any, you are his divinity---Nay, don't frown, you cannot be totally blind to all this, tho' you don't, ungrateful as you are, treat him with an equal degree of attention with other men---When others are assailing your ear with impertinent small talk, as they are pleased themselves to stile it, you might almost pass for a coquette, if one did not know you-- but to the Prince you are on every occasion a more odious character, an arrant prude.

I confess, replies Lady Fillemore, whether it is owing to his more exalted station,

station, or any other cause, I find in myself less ease and freedom in the presence of the Prince than of any body else---but I am concerned that you or any one should perceive it---It is far from my inclination to shew any particular reserve---and it would be an ill requital for the Prince's politeness, if I did not return it with a distinguished attention.

This discourse was interrupted by the Prince entering the room---This is more than you promised, my dear countess, says the Prince---when you kindly received my Invitation---I did not believe you intended me this double pleasure---Do you know that my visit is in fact to offer my humble service to wait upon you to the masquerade on Friday? Lady H. has promised to be of our party---and may I hope, turning to Lady Fillemore, to have the honour of attending your ladyship?

I am concerned I cannot accept of the honour, answered Lady Fillemore, but I am engaged to go with a party from my own house, and Lord Fillemore is to make one of the company.

If you are not to go to the masquerade, says the Countess, till Lord Fillemore is your Chaperone, you may send back your dress to Paulin---and determine, instead of appearing in the character of Diana, to spend your evening at home in your nursery---or do penance at Lady Midnight's rout---among the decrepid square-toes and formal dowagers, who rail at masquerades---and hold it a crying sin to be out of their houses after twelve o'clock---unless loo or quadrille is the apology.

You will be merry, says Lady Fillemore, but I have his promise under his own hand, my dear Countess---and will answer for his keeping his word.

If my steward, replies the Countess, was to send me no better bills, indorsed
with

with no better names, I fear my rent would be but poorly paid.---Indeed, my dear, these promissory notes of Lord Fillemore are not worth a farthing---and with me they will not pass more current by your ladyship's indorsement--- You know very well I have seen three or four of his letters, fixing different days for his return---and tho' repeatedly disappointed, you are credulous enough to trust him. --- Assure yourself, my dear, *business of the greatest importance*, as it has hitherto detained him from you, will again prevent his coming.---I can fancy to myself twenty important reasons that may detain him---he may be gone fifty miles to see a new breed of beagles---or perhaps a new hunter---or he may be obliged to return to New-Market, to be present at a private trial between Gog Magog and his last filly---In short, I can see as many reasons to keep him from you the next six weeks, as detained him the last.

To me it seems strange, says the Prince, that Lord Fillemore should be the only man in the world that does not see he is the most of any man in the world to be envied.

Does not your Royal Highness see, says Lady Fillemore, that almost every man of fashion follows the like amusement---with equal assiduity and perseverance as my lord; and can I blame him for a conduct in which he is not singular?

I do not presume, says the Prince, to pass any censure upon Lord Fillemore---but I confess, I think his conduct rather particular, as none of those whose example he follows, have a Lady Fillemore to wait their return.

Why, my Lord, says the Countess, this Lady Fillemore is as much in fault as her husband---the more he neglects her, the more she defends him.---She is a downright spaniel---I am almost persuaded

suaded to think if he was to beat her, she would like him the better.

He never will, I presume, says the Prince, take that measure to improve her ladyship's affections for him --I would to heaven I could find so charming an advocate for my imperfections; tho' I could never find it in my heart to furnish any occasion for the display of such goodness.---But, ladies, if I am not to be honoured with both your companies, will you let me wait upon you to-morrow to take your opinion upon my dress?--You promised me, my dear Countess, the further assistance of your fancy, and if Lady Fillemore will honour me with her's, I shall think my dress will exceed any in the rooms.

S E C T. X.

WHEN the Prince took his leave--- if ever there was a man in love, says the Countess of D.---you have made a conquest of that young Prince's heart--- Did you ever see such confusion as upon his entrance---his eyes---his tongue---and every gesture manifested the distress of a lover---Tho' the pleasure of seeing you here was strongly painted in his countenance---you must have seen the mixture of distress in his mind, from the tremor that discovered itself in every joint---I could scarce refrain from smiling, to find this agreeable surprize produce so ridiculous an effect---Did you not see his eyes rivetted upon you the whole time he was here?---Yes, you did see it---tho' I cannot swear that your eyes were fixed upon him for a single moment---conscious as you were how his eyes were employed.--- Indeed, my Lady Fillemore, you was as
ridiculous

ridiculous as the Prince—your colour went and came several times while he was present—and now, if you do but look in the glass, you will fancy you have laid on the rouge as thick as Lady Vermilion—I protest you ought both to acknowledge my humanity in ratling as I did—that you might not see a ridiculous scene in which you were the principal characters—representing as you did, a pair of true lovers.

How can you, my dear Countess, says Lady Fillemore, amuse yourself with such wickedness?—What pains you take to persuade me of what never has, or can happen!—The Prince, like other young men, loves a little flirtation with silly young women—but it would be strange if every female to whom he pays a compliment, or is more than ordinary civil, from whim or a particular flow of good spirits, should flatter herself she had made an impression on his heart—I am sure, had I reason to suppose it so
at

at present, I would not go to-morrow with you to see his dress.

Well done, Lady Fillemore ! it is now very clear, I insist upon it, that you are both in love—The Prince invited us to his house, but his mind was so fully employed on another subject, that he forgot to wait for your answer, and yours was equally so to give him any—as mine was in observation on you both, and you do not now recollect that we made him no promise to go.

Surely, says Lady Fillemore, you don't seriously believe that the Prince discovers any thing in my behaviour that should give him reason to judge of me with levity—I am not conscious, my dear, that I act in any degree different to him from what I do to other men—I hate a restrained conduct, and should be sorry to go into the other extreme—and I abhor the idea of bringing any dishonour upon my lord—and I should be no less uneasy if I furnished any real matter for scandal.—

scandal.—You and I have often differed, my dear Countess, on this subject—but I must repeat, that if love and gratitude to my lord were not sufficient guardians to my virtue, the notion of forfeiting the blessings I now enjoy, and the contempt of our own sex, that in this country frequently follows a ruined reputation, will be a sufficient restraint upon any woman that is not a fit patient for Bedlam.—I cannot feel the force of your arguments so frequently urged by you, that many escape detection—some husbands are perfect Frenchmen or Italians—and that the number of the guilty who are discovered is so great as to keep their fellow-sufferers in countenance—I am confident the reasoning will have no weight with me, and I most sincerely commiserate those unhappy companions of ours who do not concur with me in this opinion.

Why, you would make an excellent country parson, Lady Fillemore, replies
the

the Countess---This would be most instructing discourse in a parish-church---you would make the young wenches most dutiful and affectionate wives---and Ralph, Roger and John will be much obliged to you for your sermone.

S E C T. XI.

IN two days Lord Fillemore returns to town---not indeed in the best humour, for he had met with a disappointment at New-Market---The truth is, he had lost a very considerable sum of money---but that did not give him half the uneasiness, as he received from the reflexion that his favourite horse Invincible should be beat hollow---However, as he had not seen Lady Fillemore so long, he was so exceeding polite as to dine at home, and treat her with a *tête-à-tête*---He assured her he had a thousand things to tell her.

Her ladyship was very happy, and asked him a thousand questions at dinner,
both

both as to the pleasure he had received in his journey, and as to the state of his health.

But, my dearest lord, says she, after dinner, you have forgot to ask after your sweet little boy --- Do, Thomas, order Suckle to bring him down——

And do you hear, Thomas, adds my lord, tell Harry to bring that little puppy that was sent here by Sir George Chace--- It is the best-bred thing, my lady, that ever joined a pack.

Lord Fillemore appeared vastly pleased with his little fellow as soon as he was brought in, and gave him two or three affectionate kisses---and the child being soon after sent out of the room, and Sir George Chace's present introduced by the servant, he kissed and slobbered the little animal for half an hour---and then his lordship fell fast asleep on the couch--- with the puppy in his arms---leaving her ladyship at leisure to contemplate the pleasures of a conjugal state, or to devise,

if she thought it better, what *thousand* things her lord had to say to her, if he had not fallen asleep.

In came to her relief my lord's brother---Save you, my dear sister, says he---don't disturb my brother for me---let him sleep on---But what is that lies smothering in his arms there, and he is stifling with affection---It is not surely his little boy?

No, replies my lady---it is a puppy of the finest breed imaginable---sent him by Sir George Chace.

O! I recollect the promise, said Mr. Fillemore---upon my word, he is a more extraordinary dupe to dogs and horses than I ever met with---The folly and absurdity of the whole jockey club is not, when put together, equal to his---his health suffers daily by the fatigue he undergoes---he allows himself no time to sleep but what he snatches in this manner---he is in every respect less careful

ful of his constitution than he used to be—he gives up his whole attention and fortune to horses and dogs—and his infatuation increases every day—He cannot now converse neither—upon any other subject but these animals—and must in a short time lose all his acquaintance—except grooms or jockeys.—I see your distress, my dear sister, at these things—and feel most sincerely for you, as indeed I do for him.

At the close of this discourse, in which his lordship bore a part with the music of his nose, coffee was brought in—and soon after he awoke.

What! my brother here! said he.

I hope you are not indisposed, replied Mr. Fillemore.

Only fatigued, continues his lordship—'Tis inconceivable what a scene of hurry and confusion I have passed through within these six weeks—What with the races—private matches—nocturnal trials among my own horses—then joining our

hunt, which drinks very freely, you know—with several intermediate visits, where we have had exceeding hard bouts—I have scarce had one regular night's rest since I saw you.

I rejoice then my dear brother, said Mr. Fillemore, that you are returned to your own peaceful home.

I wish it was in my power, says Lord Fillemore, to indulge myself for a few days—but I am under a necessity of setting out to-morrow by four o'clock, as I have a young filly in training at New Market, that with proper management will win the whole world—I cannot therefore be absent, and I am afraid I must renew these journies every fortnight for some time.

While he was uttering these words, as he sat with his eyes fixt upon the teatable—his head reclined somewhat to the right shoulder—his lips closed, but pouted out as far as he could stretch them

them—his forehead knit—and his eyebrows lowring—

Sure, my dear lord, cries Lady Fillemore, you do not think of leaving me again so soon?

But he was too intent upon the important business which was to carry him to New-Market, to hear any voice but that of a groom—for Tom coming in immediately, and asking if the young puppy was to be led to New-Market by one of the boys that was to set off in the morning—

No, says he, it is too young to travel—its life is too valuable to be risked—No—it shall go with me in the chaise—and here, Tom, do you know what mare that bay filly was out of?

Out of Black Moll, says Tom.

What horse was the Godolphin's colt got by, continues his lordship?

Out of Bajazet, replies Tom.

By G—d, continues Lord Fillemore, I have the best stud in England, han't I, Tom?

Nobody so good, my lord.

Nobody, says Lord Fillemore, will have any horses to run but me very soon.

Then you'll win every thing, my lord, says Tom.

True, Tom, says my lord—I shall beat the whole world out of the course—And then he returned into his brown study.

Tom left the room—Mr. Fillemore looked angry—Lady Fillemore was grieved—and this scene continued till my lord started up on a sudden—rang the bell—ordered a chair—afraid he had forgot an engagement of the utmost consequence—and begged his brother would excuse him—His brother seeming to doubt the visit of consequence, and my lady's eyes indicating a wish that he would give her more of his company—Yes, said my lord, it is an absolute promise to meet my Lord L——, to match my Babram's next colt against his Tim. Whisky's.

The

The chair being come, his lordship withdrew.

Good heavens, my dear sister, cries Mr. Fillemore—how it concerns me to be an eye-witness of this strange behaviour—it appears to grow worse and worse every day—his behaviour of to-night is little short of lunacy.

I hope, replies Lady Fillemore, what you have seen this evening is only the effect of a great hurry of spirits—occasioned by his late fatigues.—I confess I did wish he might have been prevailed upon to have staid at home to-night—and I was more particularly happy at your coming in, as it might be a means of engaging him to stay.

Why did you not then, my dear sister, use your influence over him to stay?

O! my good brother, replies Lady Fillemore, there was a time—but alas! a very short time indeed—that I had the influence you mention—I soon found

that influence diminish—and at length totally gone.—I have ever made his will the rule of my conduct—and when I discovered that he chose to be governed by his own will alone, I determined never to interpose any wish of mine.—I flatter myself I am speaking to one who knows the truth of what I am saying—when I declare that I have ever been as happy in consulting his inclinations, as I should have been had I continued mistress of my own—and indeed, the only anxiety which I have laboured to keep from the world, has been, that of late I could not discover his inclination or his wish—He is grown so indifferent to me that every endeavour of mine to please, meets with coldness and neglect—I cannot, and I have tried my own heart with the utmost impartiality, discover that his coldness and indifference is owing to any thing in my conduct—but I never yet experienced a scene equal to that wherein
you

you have been a witness—I confess, I never was touched so nearly as I am at present—This unmerited contempt stings me to the soul—but yet I am willing to hope it is only the effect of his disordered spirits—still I hardly know what to think—

It concerns me much, answers Mr. Fillemore, to find you have so real a cause of complaint—I am convinced his behaviour is not owing to any accusation he would bring against you—but entirely to the possession his horses and other amusements have taken of his whole mind and attention.

After supper Mr. Fillemore took leave of his sister with the strongest expressions of affection, and she retired to rest.—In the morning she found Lord Fillemore had come home at four o'clock, and set off in his chaise for New-Market.

Lady Fillemore at breakfast again revolved in her mind the treatment of the preceding night—and the manner of

his lordship's quitting town after so long an absence, did not in any degree apologize for the insults received—In the midst of these reflexions in comes the Countess of D——.

S E C T. XII.

WHAT, all alone already, says the Countess of D. and your lord returned but yesterday?—I came in hopes of seeing you the morning after your wedding-day.

My wedding-day? replies Lady Fillemore—

Yes, wedding-day, repeats the Countess—I was convinced Lord Fillemore must have forgot that you were ever married, by so long an absence—and I imagined he would be glad to find so beautiful a woman was his wife—and I expected to have found him more than ordinary gay at breakfast.

It was my wedding-day, replies Lady Fillemore—I am a mourning bride—
for

for my lord arrived yesterday noon—went to the jockey club at nine—returned home at four this morning—and then whipt into his post chaise, which was by orders ready at the door, and is by this time at New-Market.

O the brute! O the insensible clod! cries the Countess—By the sweetness of revenge I swear, if a pair of horns were to be found within the four seas, he should not live twenty-four hours but he should but with a bull.

It is a match of consequence, replies Lady Fillemore, that obliged him to go.

Surely, my dear, says the Countess, a match of the greatest consequence should have tempted him to stay—Nay, in good faith, he is not your husband—he is to all intents and purposes married to a brood-mare—and the affectionate creature is gone to cherish his partner—I vow and swear a brood mare is too good for him—I would have him coupled with one of his own hounds, and let
I him

him spend his days, like an uxorious creature as he is, in the dog-kennel.

Indeed, my dear Countess, says Lady Fillemore, I do not feel the same uneasiness at your accusations as I used—A longer course of unkind treatment than I ever yet confessed to you, followed by this last proof of his total want of regard for me, has made me almost indifferent whether I see him again—Piqued and exasperated as I am at his contemptuous treatment of me, whom I cannot now help thinking, my dear Countess, he more than despises—I am more hurt for the sake of my little fellow here—Would you believe it—the infatuated man set his angel of a boy, that I am convinced he loves as much as he can any thing that wears a human shape, below the lowest of all beings, a puppy—When I ordered the child to be brought down, though he shewed no objection to his coming, he ordered a whelp sent him to-day by Sir
George

George Chace to be brought in at the same time—and when his brother came in, he saw him fast asleep on the couch, with his darling—not his child—don't mistake me, sweet Countess—but the blind puppy in his hugging arms.

I wish he might never have any thing else to hug as long as he lives, replies the Countess—if I was not in doubt whether he would not be as happy as he desires.

Indeed, my dear Countess, I am more angry at this insult to my little boy, than that he should give his Babram or brood mare a preference to me.

O' my conscience! he is a perfect Houyhnhm, cries the Countess—Come, come, Lady Fillemore, you carry your resentment too far—If you could call in the advice of a divine—in your distress—if you could consult Dr. Swift, he would recommend, whatever may be your provocation, that you call not your lord and master out of his name—Lord Fillemore is a Yahoo—a perfect Yahoo;

Yahoo; and since you have taken the part of the accuser, permit me to be his advocate—I must insist that the adoration he pays to the superior order of beings, the Houyhnhms, proves him to have arrived at the perfection of Yahooism—He has had the call, as Dr. Whitefield says.

But to be serious, my dear Lady Fillemore, don't you see that I was right when I told you lately that his affection for his child was in the ninth degree, and that for you in the eleventh?

Indeed, my dear sagacious friend, I was at that time too much convinced of your penetration.—but I struggled not to see what I so ardently wished not to exist—I lived in hopes of his eyes being in time opened, and that he would return to that life in which we were both happy for a few months—but now, my dear, I have his affections in no degree at all; by heavens, I wonder how he possessed mine so long!

Well

Well then, Lady Fillemore, since you are ingenuous enough to allow that I was right in marshalling the order of your lord's affections, I am encouraged to declare my opinion, that you never was in love in your life.

Encouraged indeed! replies Lady Fillemore—you seem to have courage to say any thing—What! did I never love Lord Fillemore? Could I bear all the insults, coldness and cruel neglect, if I did not love him?

Your bearing these insults, coldness and cruel neglect with so much resignation and patience, ever raised my adoration of your prudence and good temper—but convince me, my dear Lady Fillemore, that you was not in love.

Why then did I marry him, says Lady Fillemore?

I won't tell you, replies the Countess—Tho' I know you had whole troops of humble servants—and many of condition too—had you any of equal rank and fortune?

If

If I know myself, replies Lady Fillemore—but you almost make me think I don't—I would not have married one of the Blood Royal, if his person was disagreeable to me—This ever appeared to me the most odious prostitution.

But, Lady Fillemore, continued the Countess, may not a woman give her hand to a peer of the first fortune, with a person not disagreeable, without prostitution—or love—Nay, the person may be good—and the accomplishments not mean—and if you please, you may like the match—but still I will not allow you to be in love—I never censured your choice in Lord Fillemore—and for a short time after your marriage, thought you the happiest couple in town—It was manifest he loved you—and no mortal could discover that you did not burn with an equal passion—You thought so yourself—and it has been his fault that you did not go down to your grave with this deception.

There

There is a great difference, my dear, between liking and loving — though they often appear the same — and are considered as synonymous terms — they produce, too, frequently the very same effects — but liking comes in through the head — and love enters at the heart — You like from reason and reflexion — but you love from instinct, and without reflexion — Had Lord Fillemore been proposed to you without title or fortune, you would not have married him, I am confident — you had offers more agreeable as to personal accomplishments — tho' I don't say they were any way wanting in him — When the addition of title and fortune were thrown into the scale, and Lord Fillemore was proposed to you, it was not long before you could answer the question — should you like Lord Fillemore for your husband? — I leave it to nice speculatists to separate the person from the husband — After the addition of title and fortune, you saw

Lord

Lord Fillemore with different eyes — and you then liked what was before indifferent to you — but you could not love — Love feeds not upon the sickly food of title or riches — Love hungers and thirsts after more substantial nourishment — For you to like Lord Fillemore, he must keep his honour and estate — but did you once love him, they might take his title, and confiscate all his fortune — but they could not stir your affections — Love has but one object — it is a simple passion — a celestial flame — that only lives by food divine — In short, it is —

What I find now I have never felt, interrupts Lady Fillemore — and to say the truth, plain humble liking, such as you have justly described mine for Lord Fillemore, could it continue till our separation by death, would have been sufficient for my purpose.

O no! cries the Countess, had you once felt the god within you — had you
ever

ever burnt with this celestial flame—
had you ever been enrapt in this divine
extasy—you could not, my dear Lady
Fillemore, talk thus coolly—What, my
dear Count—continues she, with tears
gushing from her eyes—did I not bear
for thee?—What clime—what station—
what circumstance could affect my mind
while in possession of my soul's delight?
—Clime—station—circumstance—no-
thing touched me till our cruel sepa-
ration.

The real distress the Countess was in
affected the heart of Lady Fillemore—
already pretty well prepared to act in
concert with the weeping Countess—
but curiosity, which in the fair sex is
considered as one of the passions—and
in some as one of the strongest—came
to the relief of the good Countess.

Hey day! says she—taking up a let-
ter (which was tumbled out from behind
the cushion of the settee while she was

changing her seat)—what—does Lord Fillemore leave his letters about thus—and with a superscription in a female hand!—Now have I a strange womanish curiosity to know the contents of this letter.

—Indeed! my dear Countess, cries Lady Fillemore, I have no such curiosity—he is often thus careless—and I never conceived the least inclination to see the inside of any.

Not if you thought they came from a woman? says the Countess.

—The less on that account, replies Lady Fillemore.

—Because, interrupts the Countess, you never was in love—Jealousy, though always the curse—is the inseparable companion to love—

As curiosity is said to be to woman, says Lady Fillemore—perceiving the Countess was reading the letter—and as she was going to snatch it out of her hand—Bless me! says she, you seem surprized, my dear.

True,

True, says the Countess—indeed, my dear, I am surprized—at my own impertinence—While I was talking to you I was not thinking of your husband—but my own—and as I should have done on another occasion, I did not attend to my present situation—Give me leave, however, to put this letter into my pocket—and you are convinced I know how to manage him—You shall see one day or other we will be all merry upon the subject of it—And that you may truly say you have not been an accomplice in my impertinence—you shall in the mean time remain ignorant of its contents.—I wish you a good morning, my dear—you remember your engagement to me in the evening—and then took her leave.

S E C T. XIII.

I Confess, says Lady Fillemore to herself, she has raised my curiosity—I have an inclination to know the contents of this same letter—but what is this letter to me—can it convince me of my lord's affection?—That assurance can come from no hand but his own—Will it convince me of his infidelity?—If it would, it would only give me uneasiness—for if his unkind treatment has totally effaced my love—it has in no degree diminished my vanity—But why do I invent plagues when I have enough already at hand?

The servant informing her that the coach was at the door, and the nurse already in with the child—she went to her usual airing in Hyde-Park.

S E C T.

S E C T. XIV.

LORD Fillemore, on his return from New-Market, dined at the jockey club, and went in the evening to his old female friend Charlotte H—— where he found as fine a stud of fillies as any that he had left at New-Market. The kind female groom introduced him to three that his lordship had never yet seen on the course—and had never in fact been in for the plate—These were invited to supper, and, with old Charlotte, they all sat down together.

Why, Charlotte, says my lord after supper—you have as fine a string of girls as I ever saw in my life—Why, you beat the whole world, Charlotte—I have the best string of horses of any nobleman in England—there will be nobody to run with me by-and-by—but egad your string beats mine hollow—that it does—yet, Charlotte, if I had not play'd

the fool and made a match that I can't get off from, I would have had as fine a string of beautiful girls—nay, a finer than yours.

Then I have reason, my lord, to rejoice that this match differs so much from all others—Upon the turf there is an alternative—play or pay—but this race must be run—and it lasts for life.

O! curse the collar, replies Lord Fillemore, which a man cannot slip without slipping his wind.

Indeed, my lord, you seem the only man who would not wish to call Lady Fillemore his wife—every man who talks of her envies your happiness—and swears he would lay down his life if he could call her his own for twenty-four hours.

Why, Charlotte, for twenty-four hours, replies my lord, I liked her as well as any body—and were they married to her as long as I have been—they would be as heartily sick.

Twenty-four hours, says a young creature that sat opposite, seems to be the utmost extent of every man's love—for the nobleman that you ma'am, addressing herself to Charlotte, first introduced me to, promised and swore that he would love me for ever—and he left me in twenty-four hours—and I have never seen him since.

I wish, says another, I was married to one of you lords—I would soon convince you that my love was no longer-lived than yours, and if you deserted me I should give you tit-for-tat.

Come, come girls, says Charlotte, don't be pert—you don't know your own interest—how should you know any thing?—You have no business to trouble your heads about such matters—it's enough for you to mind your own business.

Lord Fillemore gave a hint to old Charlotte, who with these two girls walked off, leaving the third with his lordship.

Lord Fillemore went home at four o'clock in the morning, but he would not, as we may suppose out of good-nature, disturb Lady Fillemore, as she knew not of his coming—and so he retired to another apartment.

S E C T. XV.

ABOUT one his lordship got up, in order to receive his friend Macaroni, whom he had appointed for that hour.—They breakfasted, and out they fally to the riding-house—business of such importance that Lord Fillemore could not spare time for a moment's conversation with his lady—but what passed as they met accidentally on the stairs as she was coming from the nursery, and he going out of the house.

Your servant, my lord, says Lady Fillemore.

Your servant, madam, returns my lord, and after compliments passed between her and Sir Charles—

Do

Do you dine at home, my lord? says Lady Fillemore.

I don't know, replies my lord; I have a notion I have an engagement of consequence that will prevent me.

How surly methinks her ladyship appears, says my lord, as soon as they were gone from the door—Did you ever see so formal a greeting, when it was the first time I had seen her for these four days?

How do you mean? says Macaroni, did not you lie at home last night?

Yes, replies Lord Fillemore—but not coming till four o'clock in the morning, I went to another apartment, and you know I was but just up when you came.

O! cries Macaroni—well, but I did not see her ladyship was surly—she seemed grave—very civil—and divinely handsome.

Why you seem smitten with her, Macaroni, cries my lord.

Yes—

Yes—or I am no judge of beauty, replies Sir Charles—I have not studied the works of the greatest masters in painting, to let those of nature pass unnoticed—and I am sure nature never had a luckier hand than in that beautiful original we have just left.

She was, Macaroni, replies my lord, handsome once, but I think she breaks.

What strange nonsense is love! says Macaroni—the god who inspires it is blind before matrimony—and the votary afterwards—I remember when you was in love you swore she was an angel—and now you will hardly allow her the perfections of a mortal.

Yes truly, says Lord Fillemore, I wish you would prove her to be an angel—and then I should be sure she was in heaven—To say the truth, Macaroni, I should not care where she was, so she was not at the head of my table—I have not been used to restraint—I have had my way from my infancy—and this ma-
2 matrimony

trimony is a d—ned tie upon a man, you know.

You know, says Sir Charles, I am no friend to the state—'Tis only fit for vulgar and low minds—but it never can have less restraint than you see in it now-a-days among the people of fashion—They seem to have refined upon this gross institution—and to have brought it near to the standard of freedom and liberal sentiment.

As they went up St. James's-street—Soho! cries Lord Fillemore, is not that my good friend the Countess of D—?

It is, answers Sir Charles, and that good friend to all our sex, Lady H— along with her.—Now what mischief have these two rantipoles been devising at Betty's—let's go and see, my lord—This fruit-shop is the temple of fame—and you, Betty, says Macaroni, entering the door, are the goddess with the hundred ears and the hundred tongues.

Indeed,

Indeed, says Betty, one ought to have a thousand tongues to relate what one hears from you, sir—But why am I to have so many tongues and ears, continued she?—What do you propose to make of me?

Only a goddess, says Lord Fillemore—he swears you are a goddess, Betty.

Truly, says Betty, if you young men are to have any goddesses at all, they must be old women, for you make devils of the young ones.—Did you ever see such frights, hags and witches as came this morning from the coterie?—I am not often up so early as I was this morning—but as I came down Albemarle-street, I saw Lady M—and Lady B—stepping into their chairs just as St. James's clock struck nine—I cannot say whether they had lost their money—but I am sure they had lost their youth and beauty—and looked as old as their grandmothers—And you, my lord, what are you about to let Lady Fillemore spend

spend so much of her time at this polite night-house?—I hear she did not go home till six in the morning last week—How can you suffer, my lord, so charming a creature to be so long out of your bed?—See here, my lord, holding a basket of peaches in her hand, what would you think of this fruit if the bloom was off?

It would be worth nothing, replies my lord.

Then you young men should take care to preserve the bloom of the finest fruit that nature can boast of—and particularly you, my lord.

Psha! replies Lord Fillemore, your advice comes too late, Betty—the bloom is gone long since—you may rank Lady Fillemore with the two beldames you saw at nine this morning.

In faith and so I do, says Betty, and they are three of the sweetest women in this country.

Well

Well said, Betty, cries Macaroni, I agree with you, what ever my lord does—I swear you talk like a young fellow of spirit and gallantry.

If such charming young creatures, says Betty, are yoked to three old women in breeches, an old woman may make as good a husband as the best of them.

What! cries Lord Fillemore, have you learnt this talent of railing from the two witty ladies we saw going out of your shop a little before we entered?—I suppose Lady H—— has been censoring the coterie, says Lord Fillemore, because she has been so often black-balled—Come Betty, be a little open—Come, you that know all the secrets of ministers, open your budget—I know you have all been settling about ways and means—Come, what intrigues are going on now—and who are the happy men now—Come, Bet.

You are merry, my lord, says she—
Tho' I am not acquainted with so many
secrets.

secrets as your lordship imagines—I am not ignorant of those family secrets which are known to all the town—Tho' I don't know those who are together—I can tell who and who are not together—I can inform your lordship who was the happy man who had rather sleep in a post-chaise, with a blind puppy in his arms, than the finest woman in this town—For shame! my lord—and tho' you think Miss Tremelli the loveliest creature in life—I do not think your taste is improved from what it was in the post-chaise, when I think she is preferred by you to the charming Lady Fillemore.

Well, I swear, says Macaroni, Betty is fairly even with you, my lord.

So I think, says Lord Fillemore—but Betty and I are always quarrelling, like dog and cat, or man and wife.

Pardon me, my lord, replies Betty, I thank God we are not man and wife—I never was married, but I should not
like

like for my husband a New-Market jockey or a whipper-in.

We all know you are a woman of taste, says Lord Fillemore—looking into the back-parlour—there are more covers than one—Does the Marquis dine with ye to-day?

Why, as you are fond of secret intelligence, replies Betty, I will tell ye, he does.

But there are four covers, Betty—who are the other two for?

You are unreasonable, says Betty—one secret's enough at a time—March, Sandwich, and Weymouth, who were here just now, were as inquisitive as you are—but tho' every man tells me all he knows, I can keep a secret—tho' I am not sworn a privy counsellor.

Are they male or female? says Lord Fillemore.

I shall leave you to-guess till I see you again, says Betty.

Why

Why then, says Lord Fillemore, I swear they are women.

You may swear so, my lord, but you'll not make them so, says Betty—and if they are women, I can tell your lordship they are not Miss Tremelli nor Miss Beau Germain.

How can you believe, my lord, says Sir Charles, Betty would introduce rivals to her marquis?—In my conscience, Betty, you two are the most constant pair in the town.—How the people admired the two turtles—as you sat in his chariot the other day in Pall-Mall!—Every woman seemed to envy you as ye passed along—There, Betty, says he, holding out a double cherry, this is a true emblem of your love—Old as you are, this is the only house, Betty, for bleeding hearts.

You are witty, Sir Charles, says Betty—if you was married, that double cherry would suit you and your consort—as it would then be as great a doubt to which

of you the breeches belong, as it now is which of the cherries has a right to the stone—You are all of ye of the doubtful gender, Sir Charles—and when the witty Lady T——divided the human race into three species—she made them consist of men, women, and the members of your club.

We are just going there, Betty, says Sir Charles—and we sup at the jockey club in the evening—If you'll trust yourself in my lord's chariot, where you'll sit more snug between us than by the side of your marquis—we will introduce you to either—or both, if you please.

I thank you Sir, says Betty—but the Macaroni club has too much delicacy for me—and the jockey club smells too much of the stable and dog-kennel.—I cannot imagine how you came to be a member of the jockey club—or Lord Fillemore a member of that which is called after your name—and yet methinks too—such extremes were right,
to

to bring ye both into a middling way—to make ye somewhat like other people—but to say the truth, you reform very slowly.

Pray, Bet, says Sir Charles, have you been as hard upon the two ladies that just left you as you have been upon us?—I know you are not very ceremonious—you are for Wilkes and liberty, and freedom of speech—Are they gone to walk in the Park, do you think?—We'll go and join them—and tell them how we have been treated.

No, says Betty, they said they were going to the Prince's—he has got a little morning concert—and they said Lady Fillemore was to be of the party.

I hate the company she keeps, says Lord Fillemore.

Why so? says Betty.

No matter, says my lord—and out he goes in a hurry to the business of the riding-house, and Sir Charles followed him.

S E C T. XVI.

WHEN Lord Fillemore went home from the riding-house to dress—I don't like Bet Neale's intelligence, says he to himself—I know the young Prince is tinder—and the lightning of Lady Fillemore's eyes has set him on fire—Indeed, every man seems tinder before her—my friend Macaroni does not escape—he seems in raptures whenever he speaks of her—but the Prince is particularly attentive—at the Play—Cornelys'—Almack's—in the Park—or Kensington-Gardens—I have seen it often—I have heard of it oftener—but always hitherto without pain—I know she is vain, and encourages admirers—but her pride I thought secured her—she cannot bear the censure of the world—she is a dupe to reputation—yet I do not like these visits to the Prince—and was she naturally as chaste as ice, as pure

pure as snow—the lectures of this Countess of D——and the more hot Lady H——would thaw a virtue in half a second—and I know that mischief-loving Countess wishes me no good.

I see, I see, looking in the glass, you will not long, my good Lord Fillemore, carry that forehead with the same ease as at present—you will soon be that odious animal a cuckold—Well—and are not others so?—But can I bear her for whom I have sacrificed so much—who I have raised to the title, splendor and affluence—to serve me thus unpunished—No, I'll be revenged—she shall return to the nothing from whence I raised her—I'll be divorced.

Friseur coming in, interrupted any further resolutions—his lordship dressed—and went to the Macaroni club.

SECT. XVII.

THE Prince came to visit the Countess of D—— just as she had been reading over, and was reflecting upon the letter which she had taken from off the couch at Lord Fillemore's.

You seem to be very busy upon the subject of that paper upon the table, my dear countess, says the Prince, is it a sonnet—or have you been merry upon the foibles of any of your friends?—I don't know any body that seems to be a greater favourite of Apollo than your ladyship.

If Apollo would now stand my friend, replies the Countess—I have a subject before me fit for the pen of a Dryden, a Pope, or a Churchill—Poor Lady Fillemore—

Good heavens ! cries the Prince, what does your ladyship mean—no misfortune I hope has befallen her?

Only,

Only, replies the Countess, she has got a blind husband.

My Lord Fillemore blind! interrupts the Prince.

Yes, says the Countess—to the beauty and merit of his wife.

That seems to be an epidemical distemper among all people of fashion at present, says the Prince—but I wonder more that Lord Fillemore is affected by it than any body—But how do you make this discovery from that paper?

O! I could tear the wretch's eyes out, replies the Countess.

If you mean this as a punishment, my dear Countess, says the Prince, you are mistaken—for you just said he is blind already—But whence this violent resentment?

You shall hear this letter wrote by a female to Lord Fillemore, which he left carelessly upon the couch in his drawing-room—She read as follows:

“ My dear Lord,

“ **I** Am much obliged to you for the
“ assistance you are pleased to pro-
“ mise me — but the terms you have
“ imposed are so cruel, that nothing but
“ my present necessity could force me
“ to accept it—You have only yourself
“ to blame, my lord—who taught me
“ to believe till very lately, I might
“ command any thing your lordship
“ had to bestow.—The distress which
“ I now feel in my circumstances does
“ not touch me so nearly as the loss of
“ that affection which I once believed
“ would be perpetual—and I leave your
“ lordship to judge whether these feel-
“ ings receive any cordial from the
“ reflexion that I am to introduce a
“ rival to you—nor am I insensible to
“ the future distress of the young crea-
“ ture that is to fall a sacrifice to your
“ lordship’s pleasures and my necessity.
“ —The poor lamb at present licks the
“ knife—

“ knife—If your lordship persists, she
 “ must fall—for the nature of my mis-
 “ fortunes have taught me—that every
 “ thing must yield to such necessity as
 “ mine is at present—Your lordship
 “ knows it—and if you would relieve
 “ them without these hard conditions,
 “ the most moderate relief would appear
 “ to me a most generous bounty—But
 “ I am as I have always been

“ Your most devoted servant,

“ ELIZ. HOWARD.”

Is not this man, says the Countess in a
 rage—the lowest of all wretches?—Is
 not this poor creature whom his perfidy
 has made the disgrace of her sex—too
 good a wife for him?

I must confess, replies the Prince, I
 think Lady Fillemore much too good
 for him.

Lady Fillemore, interrupts the Count-
 ess—is indeed too good for him—she
 shall

shall be his wife no longer—She will be here presently—I will open her eyes—she shall see the fiend that she has so often laboured with me to prove an affectionate husband.

I cannot condemn your present warmth, replies the Prince, for so valuable a fair—She is deserving of every proof you can give of your zeal and love—but I submit to Lady D's superior understanding, whether such a discovery will serve Lady Fillemore—If the disease is incurable—it were happy for the patient to remain in ignorance—If I might be permitted to wish—it would only be that my dear Countess would wait till her resentment had time to abate—the rest is safe in your better understanding.

At this instant enters Lady Fillemore—

I should have been here sooner, cries Lady Fillemore—but business of the utmost consequence, as Lord Fillemore says, detained me—I have been selling a horse.

You

You felling a horse! cries the Prince.

Yes, my lord, replies Lady Fillemore—and I have the vanity to think in a short time I shall be as good a dealer as any in the jockey club—I got twenty guineas more than my lord asked for him.

Pray explain it, says the Countess, for what, and of whom.

Why, replies Lady Fillemore, the horse—I own I parted with it with concern—it was my pretty Roan—and the buyer the pretty Macaroni.

Why, replies the Countess, it is a pretty horse for a lady—and how could you part with your favourite?

It was gone, my dear, says Lady Fillemore, before I knew it was intended for sale—Immediately after Lord Fillemore set off for New-Market, Sir Charles Macaroni knocks at the door, and being shewn up—I wait upon you, madam, says he—to receive your ladyship's consent to a purchase I made last night of Lord Fillemore among many swops

and sales that were made at the jockey club—Lord Fillemore sold me your ladyship's Roan for eighty guineas—I refused to treat for some time, and would not at last engage—without I was to ask your ladyship's consent to the sale—I presume Sir Charles discovered a surprise I wished to conceal—but I was much shocked on the occasion, and the more so, that his lordship had not mentioned a word to me about it, though we had dined together alone—To say the truth, I believe my pride was more hurt than any thing else—I wished therefore to conceal it—You are very polite, returned I, Sir Charles, but I am sorry you should have so mean an opinion of my lord or me, as to think he would sell my horse without my previous consent—or that I should not consent to any agreement that Lord Fillemore should make.

I ever knew, says Sir Charles, that Lady Fillemore was the best wife in the world

world—and I must confess Lord Fillemore acknowledged he sold your horse without your knowledge.

I'll see, says I to myself—whether I can't barter as well as these learned jockeys—and get a better price for my horse than my lord—If my consent is necessary, sir, said I—I think the price is less than the horse is worth—By my consent the horse should not have gone under a hundred.

Your ladyship has set the price, replies Sir Charles, and immediately takes out his pocket-book, and presents a bank note for the sum.

Pardon me, sir, said I, tho' the horse was mine, the money is my lord's—you will take the trouble therefore to settle with him when you meet.

You hardly imagine, said Sir Charles, that Lord Fillemore's consent is necessary to the present bargain on account of the price settled—and took his leave—He said it with so much good-nature, that
I was

I was half sorry I had thus raised the price of my horse.

I am astonished at your patience, my dear, says the Countess—how can you command yourself upon such repeated insults?—You are treated worse than any woman of fashion in town—By heavens! I've a great mind to——

At this the Prince, fearing about the letter, looked stedfastly at her—to tell you what I would do, continued the Countess, was he my monster of a husband—but it is your behaviour, my dear Lady Fillemore, thar makes him so.

Hold, my sweet Countess, interrupts Lady Fillemore, with a smile—your friendly rage makes you forget yourself—Does my behaviour make Lord Fillemore a monster of a husband?

I stand convicted, Lady Fillemore—he is truly a monster of his own creating—he is not obliged to any other being divine or human for such an existence—but how could you consent to
part

part with your pretty little Roan?—If the wretch had sold it without my knowledge—it should have gone without my consent.

I have confessed to you already, says Lady Fillemore, that it was not my free consent—and tho' my vanity was hurt—I determined a horse should not be the cause of uneasiness to my lord—when I suffered so much myself from his fondness for these animals—But you bachelors—turning to the Prince—should not be permitted to hear any of the mysteries of holy matrimony.

It is indeed a mystery to me, replies the Prince—that Lord Fillemore could be so unkind to so much goodness, which is equalled by nothing but your ladyship's beauty—and my wonder and astonishment is increased at the return you made him.

What do you expect from her ladyship's beauty, says the Countess—Lord Fillemore has no more taste for beauty
than

than an alderman has for an opera—he has given the name of Beauty to the most raw-boned scraggy animal in his whole stud.

A servant informed Lady Fillemore that the Duchess of N—— was at the door in her coach—she begs the Countess of D.—— would excuse her not coming up—but she was past her time.

I must go, says Lady Fillemore—this is an engagement of long standing—I was not sure of her coming this evening—though I left word where I should be—our visit is upon a family affair.

Lady Fillemore was no sooner gone—but there was a knock at the door, and Lady Belmount and Lady Lucy P—— were announced.

Shew them into the drawing-room, says the Countess.

My dear Countess, says the Prince, this is *mal-à-propos*—I have a thousand things to say upon the business of this day

day—but I will defer them till I see you at the Harmonic—and till then, adieu.

S E C T. XVIII.

WHEN the Prince was gone—the Countess joined the company in the drawing-room——

My dear Lady Belmount, and you my dear Lady Lucy—cries the Countess—how have you been since your distress at the masquerade?—How did you get home?—I shall never forgive that Colonel Riot for leaving you at such a critical time.

It was owing to Lady Lucy, replies Lady Belmount—I would not have consented to go with such a rattle-brain—I knew there was no depending on him—but Lady Lucy, who thinks every man in earnest that says a civil thing to her, would have me accept of his offer to chaperon us.

But how, says the countess, did you get home—who handed you to your chariot?

Why, thanks to Lady Lucy, replies Lady Belmont—Sir Charles Macaroni—he has laid close siege to her, and he seemed quite happy at our misfortune—as it gave him an opportunity of doing a polite thing to Lady Lucy.

I observed, says the Countess, that Lady Lucy and Sir Charles were together the whole evening.

I thought, says Lady Belmont, they should have been in the characters of a shepherd and shepherdess——

Of Venus and Adonis, you mean, replies the countess——

Your servant, ma'am, cries Lady Lucy, making a most respectful bow——

I am serious my dear, says the countess—you look as handsome as Venus—and when I consider your attachment to him, I may well call Sir Charles your Adonis——

My

My attachment to him—interrupted Lady Lucy, pulling herself up——

Come, come, replies the Countess, don't disguise with me—I know he is the man of your heart—He is the happy fellow, my dear—That little heart of yours which is obdurate to an hundred dying swains—is melting wax to this Sir Charles—and could you once make any impressions on his—I should heartily approve your choice——

So I tell her, interrupts Lady Belmount—But I am confident he is too much in love with himself, to feel any passion for our sex—No man has more assiduity to make a conquest—but when he proves victorious—he considers the lady only as his captive—and is pleased to have her in his train—to grace the triumphal car of his vanity.

Indeed, Lady Lucy, says the Countess, your beauty, fortune and accomplishments intitle you to command—and you have many in the suite of your

admirers that would hug their chains if you chose to be a tyrant.

You are both wrong, replies Lady Lucy—I am not as yet disposed to think of matrimony—but if I was—I confess Sir Charles Macaroni would be the man of my choice—His good sense—his wit—his eternal gaiety—recommend him more to me, was I to chuse a companion for life—than any other man that I have yet seen.

Aye, there's the thing — replies the Countess — you young women always fancy when you marry—you engage a companion for life—but look round, Lady Lucy—and shew me the harmony you thus figure to yourself—When you marry you take a husband for life—but is he a companion for life too?—If such is the object of your wish—why do you refuse Sir John Dartmouth, who loves you to distraction—and he is formed for the social matrimony you seem to admire—He is young—handsome—and rich.

rich—and you need not fear any rival in his affections—but your children—And as you seem to look for the society of matrimony—if I have any of the spirit of prophecy in me, you will not want for companions.

Thanks, my dear Countess, replies Lady Lucy—would you marry me to a methodist?—Are my wedding-sheets to be a shroud—my bridal-bed a coffin—and the moment I enter into life to be put in mind of the last day?

You resolve to deceive yourself, says Lady Belmont—you look for a companion in the mercurial Macaroni—and you fancy you are going into the arms of death if you marry Sir John Dartmouth—I have some experience in these matters, my dear—If you marry Macaroni, you lose him as a companion for ever—if you marry Sir John, and like not his company—the gay, the lively world is open to you——

Aye, and Macaroni too, interrupts the countess—In Italy, my dear, where this system of matrimony is rational—where chains—bars—bolts—and yokes—are words not found in Hymen's dictionary—the women take one man for their husband—to have another as their companion—and I know no man so fit for a cavalieri servanti as Sir Charles Macaroni—he was the favourite Cicisbeo of the first duchess at Naples—but he left her for a young married creature that had not been four months out of a convent—Indeed my dear, you mistake your man—Sir Charles is not fit for a husband—and, take my word for it, has no intention that you should make him one.—If you mean to be happy, my dear Lady Lucy—marry not the man that you love—but the man that loves you—if you wish to find a companion for life.

True, says Lady Belmont—it was the very thing I did myself—When I married

ried my lord—I thought I could never love him—but the constancy of his affection—and the continual attention of the dear man the whole time we lived together—makes me eternally lament the loss of him.

Well then, says Lady Lucy, if you are to chuse for me, ladies—I find my husband is not to have a loving wife—but a most affectionate widow——

The discourse was interrupted by the opening of the door—Sir Richard Tastely, cries the servant——

I hope you have not suffered, ladies, says Sir Richard, by the masquerade.

How did you know we were there? says the Countess—I never saw you the whole night.

Yes you did, says Sir Richard—and spoke to me too—and complained that I hugged you too close.

Hey-day! cries Lady Belmount—looking at Lady Lucy—how is this, my dear countess?

Explain, Sir Richard, says the Countess.

Have you forgot Bruin? says he.

O heavens! says the Countess, was you that frightful shocking bear?—How could you think of such a character—what entertainment could you promise to yourself in such a disguise?

A great deal, returns Sir Richard—and a masquerade is nothing without fun and frolic—but I have got a confounded cold—and kept my bed for two days with a violent fever.

I scarce pity you, says Lady Lucy—How could you bear the heat of that skin for so many hours together?

Very well, replies Sir Richard—it's nothing for the pleasure of being funny—I suffered ten times the heat at the other masquerade in the character of Falstaff, and I was not cool for four days afterwards—Why, I was the mad-man that made so much noise last year.

Indeed

Indeed I think you was the mad-man the other night, says the Countess.

I had excellent sport in that mad-man last year—and kept it up for seven hours—tho' indeed it had like to have cost me my life—for I had a fever after it that confined me three weeks to my bed—

And this you call entertainment, says the Countess—it's a pity you cannot find amusement at a blacksmith's forge, or the kitchen fire of a tavern, since you can bear heat so well—for then your labour would turn to some account.

I confess, says Lady Belmount, I wished for a press-gang t'other night to take off the skipping harlequins and hornpipe-dancing sailors—How strangely people mistake the place!

No wonder, says the Countess, when their wit and humour lie in their heels.

A masquerade, you know, says Sir Richard, is the region of fun and fancy—

But not, replies the Countess, the fancy of children—or sick mens dreams—

Where is the humour of a man in a coffin—a skeleton—or, begging your pardon, Sir Richard—in your dancing bear?—I admire the characters of humour that are well sustained——

Aye, Comus, says Lady Lucy—he was a charming mask, and how beautiful Miss Lamb looked in the character of the lady!—Was it her count, as they call him, that was along with her?

No, replies Sir Richard—did not you know it was Lord Fillemore?

Lord Fillemore! cries the Countess—and was Comus Lord Fillemore?—why, the wretch! And has he been in town unknown to Lady Fillemore, who refused to engage with my party, because Lord Fillemore promised to go with her himself—Provoking man!

Indeed, says Sir Richard—I think, as Lord Fillemore was with Miss Lamb Lady Fillemore had a right to follow his example with the count.

But

But you men, says Lady Lucy, tho' you say so—don't seriously think so—

But the ladies do, says Sir Richard—Bless me ! says he, pulling out his watch, I shall be too late—Shall I have the honour to attend you, ladies, to the auction?—Langford has a curious sale of pictures this morning—it is the best collection he has had for some years.

Are you a connoisseur in painting? says the Countess.

Nobody greater, replies Sir Richard—My house is furnished with them—and I never mind the price—But will you go? I am sure you'll be entertained.

With all our hearts, reply the ladies.

S E C T. XIX.

IF a person unknown has bank notes in his hand—ask by-standers how he got them—stole them, says the thief—found them, says the kennel-sweeper—won them at play, says the gamester—borrowed them, by G—d, says the spendthrift.

What do you think of your lady? Lord Fillemore—for you are now in the best humour to do her ladyship justice—

Sick of the character of Comus—fatiated with the luscious banquet—and weary of delight—the now surfeiting name of Lambe is happily blotted from his memory—even by the name of Lady Fillemore.

And what think you now of Lady Fillemore? my lord—and what, says he to himself, must I think of Lady Fillemore,

more, but that she is a false—base—ungrateful—curled strumpet—Aye, that's the word.

His thoughts then turned upon the Prince—he vows revenge, and raves for knives, halters, daggers, poison, pistols, suffocating steams for the adulteress—every passion which pride could dictate, rage within his bosom.

But I will have, says he, the proof, the irresistible proof—they shall be watched—and ringing for his butler—

Shut the door, Stevens, says Lord Fillemore, as soon as he came into the room—Where is Lady Fillemore?

She is gone to the Countess of D—'s, I think the coachman says, my lord.

Perdition on that Countess! cries Lord Fillemore—then it is all over—Hark you, Stevens—you must be trusty.

I hope I have always been so, my lord, says Stevens.

Yes,

Yes, replies Lord Fillemore—I have something to intrust you with that requires the utmost secrecy and fidelity—I have suspicion, almost proof, that Lady Fillemore is false—she shall be watched—you shall watch her, Stevens—and prove her falsehood with the Prince—Make what enquiry you can among the servants—but give no room for suspicion about the cause.

Your Lordship may depend on me, says Stevens.

SECT. XX.

WHEN he was gone Lord Fillemore returned into his frantic mood—his mind was agitated by various passions—he came to different resolutions—one no sooner taken up than laid aside—at length he determined to wait the discoveries which Stevens should make—and not give the least hint to
Lady

Lady Fillemore of his suspicion—tho' he would endeavour to found her.

He therefore put off an engagement of the greatest consequence—with a gentleman who had promised to meet him at Bever's Repository, about a hunter to be sold there.

After dinner, says Lord Fillemore—you are a very good judge of horses, Lady Fillemore—It might be presumed, from the experience I have had of this kind—I should be something of a judge—but I find you have got twenty guineas more of Macaroni than I could venture to ask him—I was ashamed when I came to reflect that I had sold your roan without your consent—but I think the chesnut mare which I have lately purchased, will carry you much better than the roan.

I am obliged to your lordship, says Lady Fillemore—but I shall not think of riding till we get into Cheshire.

What

What did your friend the Countess say to my parting with your favourite horse? says Lord Fillemore—I shall expect severer strictures from her—than from your ladyship—I believe the Countess of D—— is no friend of mine.

I cannot suppose that, replies Lady Fillemore—It is true, when you meet, raillery and satire pass very freely on both sides—You will not allow you are an enemy to her—you should not therefore judge her to be an enemy to you.

She seems to me to be very fond of the Prince, says Lord Fillemore.

The Prince, replies Lady Fillemore, is extremely fond of her company—as he loves music, and she plays and sings, you know, better than any body—She used to be a favourite of your lordship's till lately—upon the same account—as you know she is of every body's.

You seem to be in love with her too, Lady Fillemore, says his lordship.

I might

I might fairly confess it, my lord, says Lady Fillemore, without moving your jealousy, was you inclined to it.

Bless me! Lady Fillemore, says my lord—did I tell you I was jealous?

Nor do I my lord, replies Lady Fillemore—say that you did so—It is the last thing of which I should have occasion to accuse your lordship—tho' I should be sorry to give you any cause—I must confess, it would give me less uneasiness than your late coldness to me—as I had rather your lordship loved not wisely, than not at all.

I don't comprehend you, Lady Fillemore, replies my lord—How have I shewn less affection for your ladyship than any other man of fashion?—Would you have me like a tradesman, fixt behind my counter—and never go further than the little room behind my shop—when we are to eat—drink—and pig together three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, Sundays only excepted.

VOL. I.

I

You

You are determined to misunderstand me, Lord Fillemore, replies my lady—but I am pleased that you make yourself merry—tho' it is at my expence—There is a difference between always being together, and always being asunder.

Would your ladyship chuse, says Lord Fillemore, that for the future I ask leave when I dine abroad—and do penance for my irregularities when I keep bad hours—and shall I promise not to go to New-Market—or join our next hunt—without first obtaining leave of absence from your ladyship—and learn before I go the length of my tether?

No, my lord, replies Lady Fillemore—you know I never wish to be the least restraint upon your conduct—and was happy in every amusement that afforded pleasure to your lordship—I never expected more from you than I saw among other married couples in our station—but the civility, regard and attention, shewn by every man of fashion
to

to his wife, when they are together---and which I flatter myself---I have not forfeited by any behaviour of mine, since our marriage, I might reasonably expect from your lordship.

I don't know what you mean, replied Lord Fillemore, by civility, regard and attention --- Look in the conduct of Lord ———, Lord ———, Lord ———, and Sir John ———; are they sufficiently tender and affectionate---have they civility, regard and attention enough for your ladyship?

I can scarce discern, says Lady Fillemore---whether your intention of insulting me---or your justification of yourself---by a comparison with the characters of the most abandoned men of the age---does you the least discredit. --- I should think, my lord---the proof I am now giving of my affection for you---might deserve a more serious attention from your lordship.

If this, interrupts my lord, is the proof you give of your affection---I might as well be without it.

If I mistake not---your Lordship, says Lady Fillemore, would not wish to transfer that affection to another.

I care not, for my part, says Lord Fillemore who has it---if you chuse to risk the terms of the transfer.

I see a resolution in your lordship to push matters to extremity---but I will not be provoked.

I wish your ladyship a good evening, says Lord Fillemore---and taking his hat---he left the house.

Good heavens! cries Lady Fillemore---what can be the meaning of this strange alteration---that the same man in the space of two years should differ more from himself---than any one man does from another!---Am I grown so old---and those charms---in praise of which this man---whose understanding is now scarce

scarce better than a jockey's---was eloquent---so mightily changed to what they were, that he would not feel a single pang, should he see me in the arms of another---and can insult me with the threat of a divorce, for doing that which he scarce wishes to be undone---But know, my lord, this revenge is in my power---I see your aim, and I will disappoint you---Thank heaven, your cold indifference will never more torment me---if I can judge my heart---and for the future I shall be as cold as you.

S E C T. XXI.

IN the evening at Soho---as soon as the Prince saw the Countess of D--- enter the theatre---he runs up to her---and taking her into the most convenient part for a private *tête-à-tête*—

Let us, my dear Countess, says he, renew that sweet discourse which was interrupted so cruelly this morning—But where is the lovely Lady Fillemore—will not she be here to-night?

My lord, I fear, has given her fresh uneasiness, says the Countess—for nothing but her lord's unkindness ever makes her serious, and now she is so grave at times that she seems inclined to mope—In truth this woman plagues my heart out, and mortifies my pride—tho' I love her above all women—She has pride, vanity, and a quick sensibility, as well as myself—but she has such a wonderful dominion over her passions, that

that you would hardly think she had any at all—I was half tempted this morning to put her prudence to the test, and shew her this letter—and had you not been present, I won't answer for my conduct.

I am, my dear Countess, replies the Prince, happy then upon every account I was present at this conversation—You are sensible, that dominion you represent is not preserved without many disagreeable struggles—and you can easily imagine what she felt when she put on that appearance of gaiety before Macaroni in the purchase of her Roan—What do you suppose she would suffer upon seeing the contents of that letter?

I believe, replies the Countess, not more than for the loss of her horse—She is, I fancy, by this time thoroughly convinced his affections are placed elsewhere—upon the beauties of the stable and dog-kennel—and his total neglect of her has made it impossible for any future conduct of his to touch any thing

but her pride—Indeed, I don't know but the discovery which this letter would make might mortify her pride a little more than the sale of her favourite Roan—for a woman who receives pleasure from the flattery of those who call her the finest woman in the world, will be more hurt to find a woman to be her rival, than a horse.

O ye gods! said the Prince, if heaven had made me such a woman!—How different is the misery of Lord Fillemore and mine?—He wishes to get loose from a Happiness that's no happiness to him—and I am doomed to endure for ever a fruitless passion, without the most distant hope—O cursed fate! when each might make an exchange that would remove our mutual misery—for I can no longer, says the Prince, conceal from you a passion —

—Which, interrupts the Countess, I am no stranger to.

How! no stranger to? says the Prince.

I have

I have seen it long since, says the Countess—your very endeavours to conceal it were sufficient to discover the secret—and perhaps I know the state of Lady Fillemore's little heart, and may tell you your fortune.

I always thought you, my dear Countess, as handsome as a witch—but I never thought you would prove a witch and a fortune-teller.

Tell me, my dear, sweet lovely Countess, that I may one day or other be happy in Lady Fillemore—and I will wait with patience if it be whole years removed from me.

You will wait, says the Countess, with a lover's patience—which calls an hour whole years—a day an age—a week eternity.

Do not add to my distress, sweet Countess, pity me—and shew me the hopes of my relief.

That little blind god is ever at cross-purposes, says the Countess—He leads
poor

poor mortals to the temple of delight, and then makes them as blind as himself—Does not your highness know that Lord and Lady Fillemore have exchanged hearts, and her ladyship has now got her own again—and when a married woman's heart is returned home, it is in general so much of a Quixote, that it soon makes a second fally—and no one has so good a chance for the lady's favour as he who proves the perfidy of her husband—With nine women out of ten this letter would woo more than a thousand passionate speeches.

O tell me not of Lord Fillemore, says the Prince—name not his affection for others—I ask not after his heart, or who loves him—Make me happy if you can, my dear Countess—and tell me that I may hope that charming woman thinks favourably of me.

Then to be plain, my lord, says the Countess, I am convinced she does—her words and actions have of late satisfied

fied me that your highness's attention has not passed unnoticed and unsuccessful—Her heart is not so much like tinder as your highness's—but it is equally susceptible of the sparks of love—and the flame when kindled, I fear, more violent and lasting.

—No, no, that cannot be, replies the Prince—Could you but see my heart, you'd own no flame was e'er so fierce—and nothing could extinguish it—you would own it, my best friend, and wish my love success.

Success I wish you from my soul, replies the Countess—I can't bear the thought that this perfidious wretch should triumph in his tyranny, and keep that happiness from others which he cannot taste himself—and I could wish to over-reach that prude discretion which my female friend so much admires in others, and values in herself—It aids her faithless lord in all his cruelty—and

keeps her from that sweet revenge for slighted love that she's intitled to.

That prude discretion, says the Prince, will interrupt my hopes.

Fear not, replies the Countess — a lover need not fear a prude—and this discretion, like all other prudes—will fall a sacrifice to its own confidence—Lady Fillemore thinks, I am sure, she is proof against all temptation—Her powers, I know, are great—but she has never yet been fairly tried—I made her lately own she never loved her lord but with a worldly prudence—she liked his title and estate—and thought, however, that she loved my lord, as she thinks now she is not in love with you—Since she has been convinced of her mistake in the former, she may find it as to the latter—And as to her discretion too—if my prophetic soul don't err——

Blessings on that tongue, says the Prince, which thus has charmed—Oh!

when shall I see her again—To-morrow now appears to me an age.

Just as I said, says the Countess—I knew what your patience would turn to—you will have occasion for it—You are not to expect an easy conquest—but we are to walk in the Park to-morrow, and we shall call upon her sister in the palace—the same accidental meeting that happened at your garden-gate once before, may carry us into your Highness's music-room again—for would you believe it—she is shy of calling upon your Highness—which I take for a good omen.

Your hour, sweet Countess?

One, says the lady.

Ten thousand thanks, says the Prince.

The opera being over, put an end to this discourse.

SECT.

S E C T. XXII.

AS soon as the curtain dropt, up came several persons to the Countess—and among the rest Sir Richard Tastely.

I hope your ladyship has been well entertained to-night, cries Sir Richard—how much more agreeable the opera is here than at the Hay-Market—One is sure here of seeing none but the best company—free from interruption—and the impertinent observation of the galleries—It is a most agreeable refinement—it is entirely Italian—I remember such a theatre at Florence, which is the size of that in Drury-Lane—and has only boxes and pit.

You need not go to Italy, says the Countess, for an instance of a theatre without galleries—and I dare say, Mrs. Cornelys herself went no farther for the hint

hint than Panton-street—The Fantocini theatre would answer her purpose.

True, replies, Sir Richard—it is an exact model of this—but how nobly has she improved upon the plan?—The empress of the vast regions of taste, elegance and magnificence has ransacked her whole dominions to execute this design.

You are so eloquent, says the Countess, in the cause of Mrs. Cornelys, that I wish you would be her advocate before the inexorable Justice Fielding—and I'll answer for it he will hear you with attention—if he is told you are an attorney-general to our empress—Come, Sir Richard, put on your silk gown—band—tye-wig—you are fond of masquerade—and you may now assume a character which may prove a credit to yourself—and be of some use too—and I'll answer for it you'll make as good a figure in this character as you did in that of a bear at the late masquerade—tho' I know
you

you think you played Bruin wonderfully.

Your ladyship flatters me, cries Sir Richard—but could I suppose my appearing in Bow-street would promote the general good—I would assume any character——

Except that of a patriot—Pray, interrupts the Countess, except a patriot, for that promotes nobody's good—but his who assumes it—No, go as a lawyer—for a lawyer may always be trusted when he pleads for another—and if he ever deceives—they who trust him have no cause of complaint—Therefore go, Sir Richard—I say—in the character of attorney-general to the empress—Plead before Sir John Fielding the prerogative of your mistress—tell him that the prerogative of an empress is greater than that of a king—The king can do no wrong—but whatever the empress does is right—A prerogative surely higher than the former—for king Log can do
no

no wrong—and shall the empress of the vast regions of taste, elegance and magnificence—when every subject of her empire acknowledges whatever she does to be right—be charged with doing wrong?—Shall she whose will is law, submit like a puny king—bound like any of his subjects by fixed established rules?

Indeed, cries Lady A.—, who stood next Sir Richard, and did not seem to relish the raillery of the Countess—I think it seriously very hard that the nobility are not to meet when and where they please—and have what entertainment they please—Cost what it will—I'll support Mrs. Cornelys—and I know some hundreds that have the same intention.

I will be one, says Sir Richard, to my last acre—nay, to my last guinea.

Well done, says the Countess, I like this spirit—and your loyalty will be well received at the empress's court—and

I fancy your free gifts and benevolences, liberally as you promise them—will be wanting in the war—now declared against the vulgar laws of England.

You seem, my dear, says Lady A——, to be no friend to our opera—I wonder at it, as you are a judge of music.

It is for that reason, says the Countess, I am sorry we have left the theatre in the Hay-market—For my judgement, such as it is—informs me it is better to have the opera performed in the theatre, that is best calculated for music—I can enjoy a puppet-show—but I cannot relish a Fantocini opera—tho' the puppets are as large as the life.

Then I wonder, says Lady A——, you became a subscriber.

I must confess, says the Countess—I was not a subscriber to the opera—but the company—wherever my friends go, there am I.

That's my case, cries a lady who stood next the Countess of D——; and mine, says

says a second—and cries a third, so is it mine.

I confess, says Lady A——, my motive is the desire of select company—and to shew the world we will do as we please—I would not give a farthing for the opera.

Nor I, says Sir Richard—The company is all—one is so clever—so agreeable—so much at home—in this select meeting—that I detest your theatres—Besides this is so truly Italian—at Naples, and indeed, through all Italy, which is the fountain of taste and refinement—the opera is only considered as a place of rendezvous and visiting—nobody attends to the music—but the whole company laugh and talk during the performance without any restraint—It is the most agreeable conversationi—but our theatre is indeed an improvement on the Italian—as the company is so chosen—so desirably select.

What then, Sir Richard—you don't, says the Countess—attend to the Guadagni——

I can't say, replies Sir Richard—I am so ravished with him as I was when he was in England before—and indeed I think his voice is worse of late than it used to be.

I am afraid, says the Countess—Justice Fielding has spoiled his singing.

You will be merry, my dear witty Countess, cries Sir Richard—but I am sure you think he is still the finest voice in England.

I heard but little of him to-night, replies the Countess—for I was a lady of so much taste, Sir Richard—so much of the Italian—as to fancy I was at the *converzationi* instead of the opera—and I scarce heard a single song—but what I did hear convinced me that his voice was spoiled—and if not by Justice Fielding—I am sure it was by Mrs. Cornelys.

Fie

Fie for shame, my dear Countess—you are censorious—what a shocking insinuation was that!

Truly, Sir Richard—I must own your insinuation is far beyond my comprehension—I am at a loss to guess what you suppose I insinuated—beyond what the obvious meaning of my words convey—I will repeat that Mrs. Cornelys has spoiled Guadagni's voice—he might as well exhibit at your model in Panton-street—For tho' the empress has been lavish of taste—and elegance—to catch the eye—her theatre is unfit for harmony—it destroys the voice—and puts the very fiddles out of tune.

At this instant news was brought into the room, that Guadagni was sent for by Justice Fielding—and that he was in custody of the person who brought the warrant.

General confusion ensued—almost every body was in a rage—Some were for rescuing the prisoner—some for hanging

hanging the bailiff—some for pulling the house about the Justice's ears.

No, no, says Mr. G—— S——n, make a finger of him.

The noblemen swore—and the ladies vowed—Guadagni should not go.

But the bailiff carried Guadagni before Sir John Fielding, and the company went into the rooms prepared for the assembly.

SECT.

S E C T. XXIII.

WHAT am I about, says the Countess of D—— to herself—when she was going home from the assembly—reflecting upon the conversation between her and the Prince at the opera—Am not I engaging in a business that may bring the Yahoo Lord Fillemore upon me—and Lady Fillemore herself may, when her foolish discretion returns again—reflect more seriously upon consequences than they deserve—and accuse me of the Lord knows what—I could not help my wishes in favour of this young Prince—It grieves me to the soul to see Lady Fillemore so slow of revenge for her slighted charms—and as to Lord Fillemore—I owe him no favour—for his violent accusation in one of his ill humours—that I was fond of intrigue—and he did not think his wife safe in my

company—I should think myself well justified in making good the prophesy of this ignorant Nixon—but the letter which I have of Miss Howard's will at any time prove that he—and not I—have been the cause of this prophesy being fulfilled—but I will have no hand in this business—I see how it will end—and it is not my wish to prevent it—It will be a glorious triumph to me when it has happened—to prove him the cause—by producing this letter—and stop his complaints against his insulted wife.

SECT.

S E C T. XXIV.

AFTER the disagreeable dispute between Lord and Lady Fillemore—his lordship grew more and more desirous of a divorce—His privy-counsellor Stevens was to be consulted—His lordship rung the bell, and the trusty Stevens presently entered—with a budget of news for his lordship.

Thomas Dennison—says Stevens—Lady Fillemore's footman, has informed me, my lord—that he attended his lady one night at Almack's—and he was ordered to return at eleven o'clock at night—and then her ladyship went away to the Countess of D's—— where he heard the Prince already was;

Aye, aye, says my lord—I knew that Countess would do her no good—It is very clear to me that is the place of assigna-
tion

tion—Well, good Stevens, watch her and her female companion.

While he was saying these words, in comes Sir Charles Macaroni.

I have sent your Roan back to your stables, my lord—I hope you have received it safe—Upon my honour, my lord—I am glad her ladyship has it again—for I am convinced she did not like its being sold without her consent—tho' she took great pains to conceal her dislike to me.

O! name not Lady Fillemore to me, my dear Macaroni—she shall never have the horse—my little favourite in Jermyn-street has long wished for such a Roan—and I bought him again of you for her—As for Lady Fillemore—she deserves not, and never can have any share in my affections—she is false, infamously false, my friend—but I'll be revenged—I'll be divorced, Macaroni—I have got proof—and damning proof—enough to ground a divorce.

You

You are a strange being, Lord Fillemore, cries Sir Charles—You was raving mad two years ago to marry—and you are now as mad to get unmarried again—You could not then live without this Lady Fillemore—and you now think there is no living with her.

This strange state is upon a stranger footing in this country than any other—In Portugal the men lock up their wives—in France their wives exclude their husbands—in Italy the husband and wife is more civil—and don't care to whom each is attached—so long as it is not to one another—but in England the husband does not lock up his wife—tho' he is almost as jealous as a Portuguese—The lady does not exclude the husband as in France—but forms as many parties and engagements—as if she was a single woman—and both husband and wife in the *beau monde*, seem to live as they please—like the Italians—and yet each seem to look upon the intrigues of
the

the opposite party as equal to murder—and would, if the state would gratify their resentment—deliver up the guilty person to this punishment—and in this country too—the absurdity is increased—by adding injustice to folly.—Your lordship—and every other husband I meet with—infirm—insist—that you have a right to keep or break your matrimonial contract—as often as you please—but your wives are to remain as chaste as vestals—or live in this licentious metropolis—as if they were in a nunnery.

And pray now what are these damning proofs—that are to bring you into this English fashion of being divorced—and who is the happy lover that Lady Fillemore has preferred to a dull phlegmatic husband?

Prithee learn, my dear Macaroni, says Lord Fillemore—to have a little more feeling for your friend—Nothing can fix that mercury in your composition.

Yes,

Yes, replies Sir Charles—I believe English matrimony could, if my malicious stars, or rather the influence of the moon, should make me shake hands with some fair one for life—I should be as grave and sober as your lordship—and wish as heartily for my liberty—But what are these damning proofs?—Who is your rival?

She is fixed upon the Prince, says Lord Fillemore.

I do believe the Prince admires her—and I should think him a dull youth if he did not, says Sir Charles—but if to admire and love so fine a woman as Lady Fillemore, shall give offence and raise your lordship's jealousy—not I, or any man you meet that ever saw her, can go free—But what is your proof that Lady Fillemore requites his love?

Proofs strong enough, replies Lord Fillemore—she went to the Countess of D's from Almack's in a chair, and the Prince was there to meet her.

Well, says Macaroni——

Well, says Lord Fillemore --- is not this proof of their meeting?

It is proof, says Sir Charles, to my bachelor-understanding---if your intelligence says true---that the Prince was at the Countess of D's when Lady Fillemore was with her---but I must have the understanding of a husband, my lord, before I can tell whether the Prince went---if it must be for an amour---as an humble suitor to the Countess of D---or Lady Fillemore.

Excuse my frailty, my dear Macaroni---If my dishonour is not yet completed---I am convinced it is intended---she shall have no interruption from me, but I will watch every motion---You shall know all my proofs, and your friendly counsel shall be my guide.

Are you in your sober senses, my lord, or do you believe me to be out of mine? says Macaroni---Did ever a man of the outside of Bedlam-walls take so much

much pains to make himself that which he reckons the most contemptible animal alive?—You are as industrious to seek your own destruction as a moth about the candle—and with less reason than the moth itself, which is allured by the light and warmth of the flame—If you fancy that the kindness of your wife to another would plant horns upon your head—would set you on a tail—and give you cloven feet—and thus make you afraid to look at your own figure in the glass—would it not be wiser in you to prevent this evil, and labour to snatch Lady Fillemore from the danger you think surrounds her—but you desire me to be as mad as yourself—I must advise and assist in thus dressing you up like a devil—and join to convince you that you are in reality what your fancy paints ye—Had you asked my advice before you married, I should have told ye that a foolish lover never improves in wisdom by matrimony—You have thrust your

neck into the collar—learn wisdom from the Italians, and make it as easy as you can—Struggle not like the Portuguese, and strangle yourself to no purpose.

I feel, says Lord Fillemore, the force of your reasoning, my friend—I will again be free—I'll shake off this cursed yoke—I know her guilty, and soon will prove her so.

When a man gets into one scrape, cries Sir Charles, he generally plunges into a worse by his endeavours to get out—If matrimony had been consistent with my philosophy, I don't know any woman I should chuse for my wife so soon as Lady Fillemore—and had I married, nothing would make me wish to dissolve the tie.

Then I wish you was married to Lady Fillemore with all my heart, says my lord.

I thank you my lord, replies Sir Charles—when you know my philosophy—but I as heartily wish as you do
that

that you was not married to her—tho' matrimony is consistent with your philosophy—She is deserving all that matrimony can bestow—I never heard even you, her accuser, lay any thing to her charge—She has no fault even in your opinion, but being your wife—for the present accusation amounts to no more than that the Prince loves her—in which he is not singular, for there is scarce a man in town but yourself, that is not as much in love with her as the Prince.

Upon my honour, Macaroni, you make me almost jealous of yourself—and a'n't you an impudent fellow to be such a passionate advocate before her husband?

You should not complain, my lord, cries Sir Charles, that your friend did what you seem to wish so ardently were done—but however willing I am to receive favours from a beautiful woman, I would shun them where my friend was to be affected—however simple I think him for magnifying trifles.

VOL. I.

L

I know,

I know, says my lord, nobody carries his idea of friendship farther than Macaroni—and this has given you the privilege scarce allowed to any other man, of speaking your mind with freedom—that otherwise would give offence.

S E C T. XXV.

WHILE my Lord and Sir Charles were talking thus, in comes Stevens—in a great hurry—with a face full of business—ready to burst with news—and seemed greatly disappointed at the sight of Sir Charles.

You may speak, cries my lord.

You have got charming proofs, my lord, cries Stevens, rubbing his hands—I think now we have them—I'll be hanged if they escape—the business is done, my lord.

Are you married, Stevens? says Sir Charles.

Yes,

Yes, your honour, says Stevens.

I thought so, replies Sir Charles—but go on—

My lady, continues Stevens, has been twice at the Prince's house.

There, says Lord Fillemore.

And she went in, continues Stevens, at the palace-gate—through the palace—and then in at the Prince's back-door in the Park, where she was let into the Prince's house.

Is there any doubt now? says Lord Fillemore, turning to Sir Charles with an air of triumph—you see the cunning devil went through the palace—that's enough to convict her.

Ah! that it is, says Stevens.

The reasoning, says Sir Charles, of your lordship and this trusty privy-counsellor, is above my comprehension—I cannot see the connexion between the palace-gate and her ladyship's infidelity—Where there are two doors, you must enter at one.

But her sister lives in apartments, cries Stevens, in the palace—and it appeared to me her ladyship was going there. Now you know, Sir, her going to another place, is a proof of her wicked intention.

Did she tell you, says Sir Charles, she was going to her sister's?

No Sir, answers Stephens — but I thought so—and that you know is the same thing.

Is it so? says Sir Charles — but let us see whether the other part of your evidence is not better than this—Lady Fillemore, you say, went to the Prince's house alone?

No, Sir, not alone, cries Stevens—for the Countess of D—was with her.

O! says Lord Fillemore—'tis clear—the business is done if that woman was with her.

Was there any company at the Prince's, Stevens? cries Sir Charles.

I don't

I don't know, your honour, replies Stevens.

Well, this is charming proof—indeed, Stevens, says Sir Charles—Your lord is greatly obliged to you—and will reward you too—for your zeal in his cause.—Go on, Stevens—and get some more of this charming proof.

Do you hear, Stevens—says Lord Fillemore—watch every motion—and above all—be cautious not to raise her suspicion.

When Stevens was gone—I think, says my lord, with an air of confidence—you'll give it up now, Sir Charles—there is no doubt now.

I do see, says Sir Charles—there is not now the least doubt—Indeed, my lord, it is with you as with your predecessor—Othello, the prince of jealous husbands—Once to doubt, is once to be resolved—I who am not jealous—plainly can see that this evidence amounts

to nothing—to a plain and simple understanding—that two ladies should visit a gentleman—and, for aught appears, in company with twenty others—But suppose none present but the Prince and these two ladies—is there any thing more than passes every day in the great circle of St. James's?—But it's said to be worse—that they went to the door which Lady Fillemore used to pass in the way to her sister's apartments—because, forsooth, honest Stevens supposed she was going to visit her sister—Let not, my dear lord, such idle whims perplex your brain—lest the world should think worse of the inside—than you do of the outside of your head.

He then took leave, and Lord Fillemore soon afterwards set off for New-Market.

SECT. XXVI.

THE disagreeable *tête-à-tête* between Lord and Lady Fillemore had affected her ladyship's spirits to the greatest degree—her mind was agitated by various passions—Tho' a continual course of ill treatment had removed her affections for Lord Fillemore, and the late interview extinguished even the last spark of kindness for him—her pride could not help feeling for the sovereign contempt he discovered in the close of the conversation—The defiance bid to her resentment set his tyrannical temper in a worse light before her—she determined never to give him the least room for what he so much desired—It shall not be enough, said she, that I know my own firmness and resolution—I will take care that not a single levity in my future conduct shall justify his lordship's past

behaviour to me—and warrant the conduct I have reason to expect from him for the future—And here, my dear Countess, says she—bursting into tears—the first and severest part of my trial begins with thee—His cruelty extends even to my female friends—He knows our friendship—and wishes to separate us for ever—or to draw a pretext from that friendship to favour his attacks upon my reputation—because a levity and gaiety in her behaviour has set in motion the tongue of scandal against her—Am I then, continues Lady Fillemore—to lose that wit and sprightliness that so long has charmed me?—Am I never more to unload the weight of my distresses to the generous friend—who wishes to have the greatest share?—Yes—every thing must yield to this my last resolve.

As she uttered these words a note was brought her from the Prince—desiring to meet her the next night at the Countess

eis of D's—She bid the servant wait—and was then told he was gone.

This note added to her distress—as it brought another subject into her mind—not more difficult and affecting than her separation from the Countess—At the sight of the Prince's writing her heart fluttered—her face flushed—and then turned pale—Surely, says she—this Prince has worked more strangely upon my mind than I e'er knew before—In spite of what the Countess used to say—I am sure I loved Lord Fillemore—yet I never felt, when I received his letters, such strange emotions as I now perceive in reading this little note—'Tis true, Lord Fillemore's attention was not of the tender kind—which ever does accompany the Prince's actions in every interview we have had of late—Tho' nobody is so quick-sighted in the affairs of love as the Countess of D—yet what she has observed may not escape the notice of others—I must not—
will

will not—suffer this to proceed any further—The contrast between the tender attention of the Prince and the insulting coldness of Lord Fillemore—must increase a flame—I find already burning much too fierce within my breast—and tho' I fear no mischief from the Prince—I will not, like my giddy Countess, feed the appetite of scandal with appearances—I'll go to-morrow—and take my last farewell of my female friend before the Prince arrives—and teach him by my conduct—if ever he has gathered hope from my behaviour—or misinterpreted what I never meant—to believe it was all delusion—and drop all future expectations.

SECT.

S E C T. XXVII.

PREPARED with these reflexions—Lady Fillemore arrives the next day at the Countess of D's—and is told by a woman that her ladyship went out of town on business that morning—and left the house in her care.

Surprized—and distressed what to do—she quits the coach and goes into the house—She was unwilling not to see the Prince—yet the meeting in the absence of the Countess appeared strange—She dismissed the coach—and told the woman she expected her brother—and desired he might be shewn up to her when he arrived—Being left alone—she was at leisure to examine her situation—What am I doing, says she—alone in another's house—to meet the Prince alone too—under a feigned character?—What if the woman should know him?—and what means

means this appointment in the absence of the Countess?—Did the Prince know of her going out of town?—It cannot be—I am sure he has never perceived encouragement in my conduct to warrant so gross an assignation—He has ever discovered in his behaviour the utmost delicacy of sentiment.

In the midst of these reflexions—a letter presented itself to her eyes—as she stirred one of the cushions of the couch on which she was sitting—She knew it again—it was the letter which the Countess had taken from her house—Her curiosity had been raised by the Countess—her delicacy as to Lord Fillemore was now a less obstacle to her curiosity than before—and the female hand—with the name which she saw at the bottom—removed every scruple—Good heavens! cried she, having read it, what a wretch—what a base ungenerous man—If a spark of affection now remains in this breast—this letter would extinguish it—yet it
moves

moves not my resentment for myself—it confirms only the detestation which our last meeting fixed upon my mind—If I do hate him more than I did—it is for the sake of this poor creature—thus ruined and abandoned by him—Foolish creature—to put the jewel of her felicity into the hands of one she must know to be void of every sentiment of honour.

These reflexions were interrupted by a knock at the door—it was the Prince—He dismissed his chair—upon his coming into the room——

Did your Royal Highness—says Lady Fillemore—know that the Countess of D—— was gone out of town for a fortnight?

Certainly not, replied the Prince.

Did she know, continues Lady Fillemore—that you intended her the honour of a visit?—Was she acquainted with your note to me?

She said, replies the Prince—she was to leave town in a few days—and the shortness

shortness of her stay depended on a letter she expected---but she intended being at home this evening---I told her, I had promised myself the pleasure of calling on her for an hour---and am as much surprized as your ladyship---to find the Countess is gone---tho' I am sure, had she looked upon my promise as an engagement---she would have sent me word of her sudden departure---She knew nothing of the freedom I took in my note to your ladyship---but my dear Lady Fillemore---tho' I could not have presumed to plan so agreeable a meeting---I cannot help thanking my good fortune which has given me this favourable opportunity of laying bare to Lady Fillemore---a heart which she would pity, could she once behold it.

Pity, my Lord---says Lady Fillemore---when the heart truly suffers---I do most sincerely pity it.

Would your ladyship pity---I should hope, replies the Prince--- your kind wishes for my Relief.

If wishes could bring relief, my lord--- you would not suffer long.

O! kindest of all women---continues the Prince---let me tell your ladyship--- what I should hope you know already--- but I cannot repeat it too often---I cannot make it known too many ways--- that I love and adore the charming Lady Fillemore---My eyes and actions have long, I trust, convinced you that I am for life your ladyship's most willing slave--- That I am, and ever shall be devoted to you---and shall hug my chain with eagerness and joy---Let my tongue now swear it---Oh! my sweet life---my love---my soul--- picture, if you can, the misery I endure whenever you are absent--- Think how I curse the cruel obstacle that bars my calling you mine--- That I might have you ever with me--- I might live a life of extasy---hearing---
seeing

seeing---touching---indulging every sense of joy---with you, my heavenly partner.

Forbear, my lord, cries Lady Fillemore---you touch the fatal strings of a heart, that is, alas ! too much at unison with yours---I feel, my lord---the pleasing---painful sympathy---and groan under this hopeless malady---My compliance with your Highness's card was only to shew the danger of our passion --- and prove the only cure we can ever expect is in a cruel separation---A love like ours admits no healing balm---no gentle cordials---Safety alone is to be found in amputation---we must never meet again.

What do I hear ! replies the Prince---Can that tongue ever wound my ears ?---What ! never meet again---No, by the heavenly powers --- nothing but death shall e'er enforce that sentence---all bars and bolts will prove but errant cobwebs to my love--Nothing that's earthly shall keep you from me---I will at least behold you, or die.

Think,

Think, O think, my lord---says Lady Fillemore---what cruel punishments the tyrant custom has in store for me---and what you little can suspect---Know that my cruel lord wishes to draw from indiscretion or equivocal appearances, proofs to answer wicked purposes of his own imagination---and to hold me up a prey to calumny and public scorn.

O you kind lord! replies the Prince--- (pardon me, most lovely Lady Fillemore) for being blind to your own happiness---and leaving the dearest idol of my soul---to bestow that inestimable jewel upon him who alone knows how to prize it--- Yes, Lady Fillemore-- since you are thus set free --- transfer that happy name of husband---to him who longs to call you his---Think not of forms---modes --- idle ceremonies --- we will for ever live in love inseparable.

If I was free from my lord --- says Lady Fillemore---from my base tyrant's will---I am still bound in the chains of the

world---the adamantine chains of reputation---I must not furnish the busy tongue of scandal with food for calumny---My soul revolts at such a thought---The pride within my breast---which prompts me to despise the wisdom of the world---bows down my soul with lowly reverence at reputation's shrine---I have not fortitude, my lord, to bear the taunts and sneers of those who hate not what they thus condemn---and only censure as it's done by others---To be chastized with scorpions---to bleed beneath the furies' lash---I think I could endure for him I love---but the keen stings and arrows of outrageous censure---is more than I could bear---Life under such a load would grow intolerable.

O all ye powers of love---what idle terrors---what airy bugbears---cries the Prince---are you now raising to distract us both!---Cease, my most lovely angel, to be so subtle---so fatally ingenious---to destroy the man who lives but in
4 your

your love---Talk not, sweet soul, of consequences that can affect us---Who will ever venture to attack my lovely Lady Fillemore---when she has called me her's?---Her foes are mine---None shall touch my dearest partner---but through my life---Peace then, my angel---By heavens! this hand, cries the Prince---taking hold of Lady Fillemore---is a-kin with mine---it is of congenial temperature---and every pulse beats equal time with mine---Your eyes to speak the language I would wish---They've pierced my soul---and shew each fond desire, and whisper kindly---I may now be happy---O resist me not---Let me then, sweet angel-----

END of the FIRST VOLUME.

